

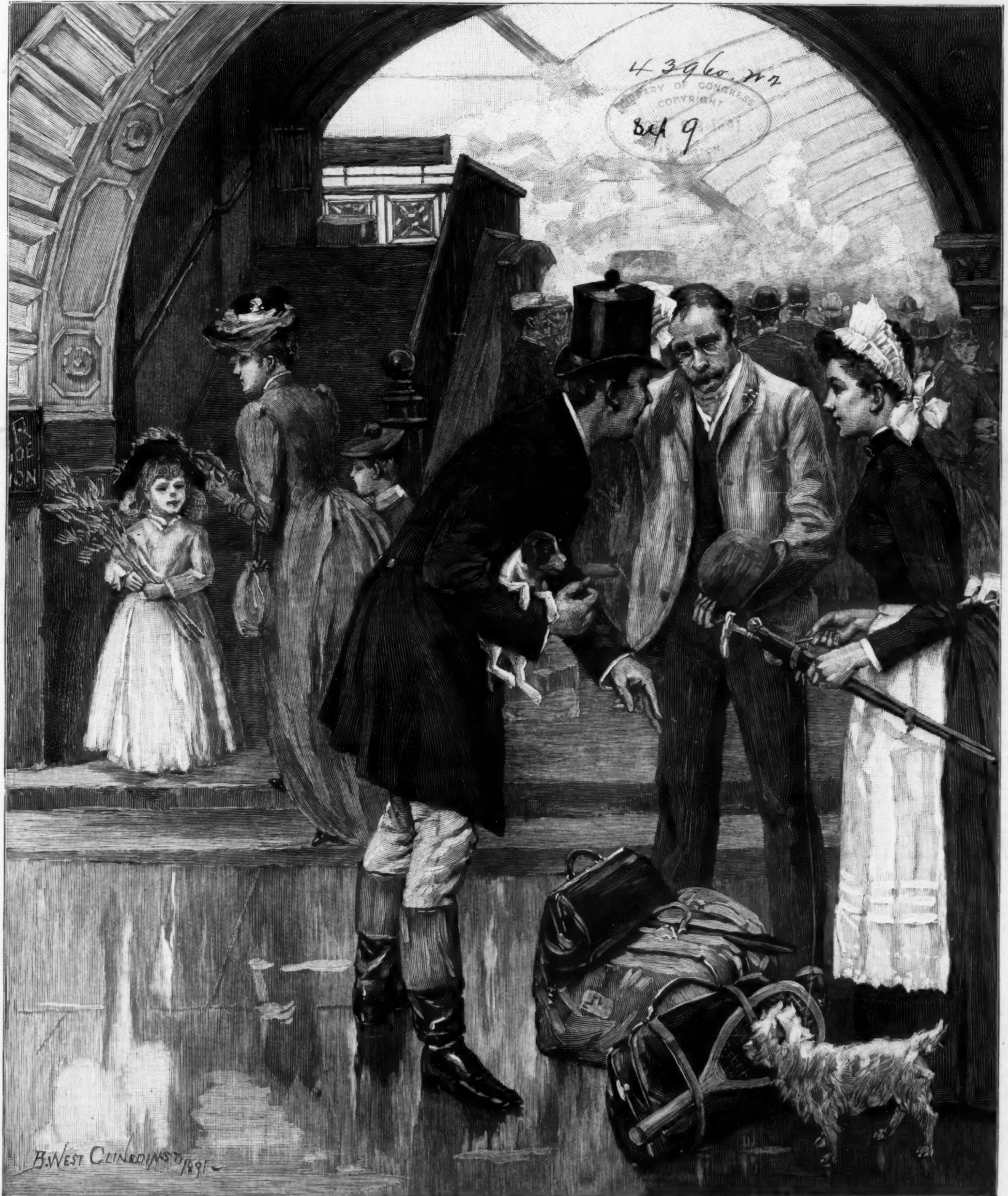
FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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THE RETURN FROM THE SUMMER VACATION.—DRAWN BY B. W. CLINEDINST.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

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IMPORTANT TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We shall be glad to receive from photographers and artists in all parts of the country photographs and sketches of persons, objects, and events of interest; and for such as may be used satisfactory compensation will be made. To save time, photographs can be sent unmounted.

"**A STEP BACKWARD**," will be the title of the leading editorial contribution in the next issue of this paper. It refers to the action of nearly all the Southern States in enacting laws separating the blacks and whites in railway cars. This action has given rise to considerable discussion, and in some States has caused many perplexities and embarrassments to the managers of railways and the public. Professor W. S. Scarborough, of Wilberforce University, one of the ablest colored men in the United States, is the author of the contribution.

SHOULD CLERGYMEN EXCHANGE PULPITS?

THE whole Christian Church is deeply interested in the issue of the question which is now conspicuous in the public mind, and which has been recently revived by the action of the Rev. Messrs. Newton and Rainsford. It is an old question, and vexatious as old. In all the ages ecclesiastical assumptions have marred the harmony of Christian fellowship, and excluded from the ministrations of religion the honorable and the worthy. Synods, convocations, and hierarchies have arrogated to themselves prerogatives not authorized by Scripture, and not sanctioned by that divine charity which has elevated Christ, in His character and teachings, to supremacy above all other religious teachers known to mankind. Conditions of communion have been instituted abhorrent to reason, and requisitions stipulated obstructive to the evangelization of the world.

Men of learning, eloquence, piety have been denied the rights of the pulpit because their views of truth were too broad for bigotry, and because their manhood was too lofty to bow to an insane prejudice. This ungodly littleness has kindled the fires of the stake and consigned the purest and the noblest to the dungeons of starless despair. Out with such bigots and away with such bigotry!

For my part, I would exchange pulpits with any Christian minister in the land. Church organization is a human invention; the form is human, the spirit is divine;—"the letter killeth, but the spirit giveth life." Whether Newton and Rainsford had the ecclesiastical right to invite to their pulpits those reverend clergymen not esteemed as in the "apostolic succession" is a question to be settled by the Protestant Episcopal Church.

The fact is patent to all that the learned doctors of that influential denomination are not in accord on that canonical law; the dispute is theirs, and "a stranger doth not intermeddle." When Newton and his brethren have been tried and condemned they should do one of two things—submit or quit. I have no sympathy with rebellion in church or State. "To obey is better than sacrifice." Membership in the ministry of any church is a voluntary act, *ab initio* and *in perpetuum*. There should be two doors to all churches, one for entrance, the other for exit, and both should stand open forever.

It is manly to withdraw from a communion against which conscience protests. While within her fellowship, vows solemnly assumed should be kept; when opinions have been intelligently changed, the public renunciation of religious vows is honorable in the highest degree. There is a noble course left for a clergyman to pursue who is convinced that the rules and canons of his church are obstructive to the usefulness of the church of his choice—he can of right seek a change in the organic laws by agitation and constitutional methods which all men will approve.

All catholic, broad-minded people would sincerely regret to see Dr. Newton placed "under ban," or sever his fellowship with the church of which he is a commanding personage. No true man will agitate for agitation. The martyrs struggled for a better future. They contended for the "faith once delivered to the saints." The true reformer condemns existing evils and seeks to remedy prevailing abuses. He is in hearty accord with all that is essential to goodness and greatness, and is in dissonance with assumptions that work injury to the cause dearest to his heart. Newton is not alone in his manfulness for the right; his co-reformers are many. Their high mission is to broaden a church which to-day is too narrow for our generous times.

The Protestant Episcopal Church is exclusive. She claims apostolic origin for her polity. She ignores the well-avouched historic fact that she had no separate existence prior to the reign of Henry VIII., who renounced his allegiance to the Roman pontiff, withheld the tribute, dissolved the monasteries, and declared himself "head of the church." She came from Rome, as the Wesleyans came from the Church of England. In her assumption of "apostolic succession" she is identified with the Church of Rome. But the Wesleyans chose a more "excellent way," and, rejecting the arrogant notion that the virtue of ordination is transmitted in unbroken succession, declared that the saintly of all ages constitute the true Church of God, and that

the right to administer the holy sacraments and preach the blessed gospel inheres in the character of believers and not in official succession.

All history is in proof that some of the popes of Rome and some of the bishops of the Church of England were not proper channels for the transmission of any kind of virtue, sacramental or personal. Contrast the exclusiveness of the Episcopalians with the all-embracing polity of the Wesleyans and behold the verdict of history. After the lapse of four hundred years the Church of England, the mother of all Episcopalians, is numerically a small body, and were she to-day disestablished her influence would be comparatively lessened. While, on the other hand, after an existence of an hundred years the Wesleyans cover the earth wherever man prays for pardon and hopes for heaven.

A loyal servant of Christ, Wesley recognized the divine call to preach as higher authority than ordination by pope or bishop. He held to ordination as a consecration to administer the sacraments and preach the Word. He was too catholic in spirit and too broad in his scriptural views to withhold recognition from those learned and pious ministers who were not of his way of thinking. Out of his generous views and labors has come the Methodist Episcopal Church of America, whose brotherly motto is: "If thy heart is as my heart, give me thy hand." This great American church, whose communicants are numbered by millions, and whose sons fill places of trust and power in all the honorable walks of life, is in full sympathy with Newton and his friends in their invitations to non-Episcopal clergymen to officiate in their pulpits.

This is the day of reciprocity. Our splendid century of liberality demands brotherly recognition of all co-workers with God for the salvation of mankind. All divinely called ministers who give full proof of their ministry by charities toward man and devotions toward God are in the true "apostolic succession," whether Methodists, Baptists, or Presbyterians; and the sooner our friends of the too oft-assumed *the church* spike their canons of exclusiveness, the speedier will come the Millennium to bless mankind.

John P. Newman

ROUND LAKE, N. Y.

[NOTE.—The Rev. Dr. John P. Newman is one of the leading bishops and one of the most talented and eloquent preachers of the Methodist denomination in the United States.]

A BILLION-DOLLAR COUNTRY!

A RECENT census bulletin shows that the valuation of real and personal property in the United States aggregates \$62,610,000,000. This is more than \$1,000 per capita.

The increase in the wealth of this country during the decade from 1880 to 1890 was over \$7,000,000,000, an amount which is more than the entire wealth of the country as reported by the census of 1850.

The census shows that this nation is worth \$1,000 per capita now, while in 1880 it was \$870, in 1870 it was \$780, and in 1860 only \$514 per capita.

There has been some talk about the last Congress having been a "billion-dollar Congress." The people should not forget that this is a *billion-dollar country*!

The increase in the average actual value of the crops in this country during the past year over that of preceding years was over \$1,000,000,000. In a country as large as this, the greatest republic in the world, supporting over 60,000,000 people in comfort and happiness, \$1,000,000,000 is not a terrifying amount. We earn it quickly and sometimes spend it easily, but we can afford to.

This is a billion-dollar country, and we thank God for it!

VERMONT'S NEW SENATOR.

THE announcement by Governor Page, of Vermont, of his intention to appoint Mr. Redfield Proctor, Secretary of War, to occupy the seat in the Federal Senate which Senator Edmunds will vacate November 1st, confirms the impression that has prevailed ever since the latter's resignation was made public. In tendering the appointment Governor Page pays a high compliment to Secretary Proctor by stating that he decided upon the appointment only after having sought and received, personally and by letter, the views of prominent Vermonters in every county of the State, and that he only seeks to meet the wishes of a large majority of the people in making the appointment.

No member of President Harrison's Cabinet has been more popular with all the people than Mr. Proctor, and none has been more competent to fulfill his duties or more industrious and faithful in the performance of the same. Vermont has been singularly careful to send only its foremost men to represent it in the Senate at Washington, and by so doing has won for itself a much wider fame and greater reputation than it otherwise would have had. One of the smallest commonwealths, so far as population and resources are concerned, the Green Mountain State has made itself a power in national politics and in Federal legislation by reason of the excellent character of its representatives at Washington.

Mr. Proctor is, without doubt, the best man who could be selected to succeed Senator Edmunds. He has not had the legal training of the present incumbent, but he is a man of great force of character, and his Cabinet experience will especially qualify him for the new duties which will shortly devolve upon him.

FARMERS' CO-OPERATION.

THE Farmers' Alliance is erecting at San Miguel, California, the first flouring-mill that that organization has projected in the United States. It is proposed to try the experiment of running a farmers' mill for the benefit of the Alliance and thus save all the profit that the miller and the merchant customarily make.

The farmer, in other words, proposes to grind his own wheat and make his own flour.

This is a movement that no one can object to. Farmers have found fault, chiefly, because, in their judgment, they have had to pay too much for what they have been buying, and have been receiving too little for what they have been selling. Out of this came the proposition that the Government, by the establishment of sub-treasuries at which farmers could pledge their commodities for loans at a low rate of interest, should help the farmer out of his financial difficulties. This proposition, if complied with, would require the Government to make loans on equally advantageous terms to shoemakers, bakers, manufacturers, and all classes of industrial workers and producers. Hence the outcry against the sub-treasury scheme on the rational ground of its utter impracticability.

When farmers combine, however, to help themselves by co-operative enterprises, such as the erection of elevators and flour-mills, the organization of stores and other enterprises, no one can object. The outcome of this effort will be watched with much interest. Workingmen in various parts of this country have tried co-operative stores and industrial combinations with varying success. Abroad much better results have attended such enterprises.

If the farmers have the business capacity and executive judgment to manage their own affairs—as no doubt they have—provided there is honesty on the part of those who are trusted with the responsibility of things, they can settle their grievances without asking for Government aid; and in such a settlement they will have the cordial support of public opinion.

APPREHENSIVE ENGLAND.

THE London *Times* is apprehensive. It foresees that protection, coupled with reciprocity and followed by closer communication by rail between the United States and the Central and South American republics, means the speedy advancement of trade relations between ourselves and our sister republics, to the lasting detriment of British trade interests.

The *Times*, in a labored three-column article, throws cold water on the projected intercontinental railway, an outcome of Secretary Blaine's recent International Congress at Washington. The *Times* thinks that Mr. Blaine "is a man of grandiose ideas, and if, as it seems quite possible, he is the next President, there will be some chance of realizing the scheme." The *Times* might have added, that whoever the President may be, the scheme of a railroad connecting North and South America, now that it has been launched upon the American public and received with general favor in the North and in the South, will go through.

The *Times* predicts that capital will not be forthcoming, and that this Government will be obliged to guarantee the interest upon the bonds of the new enterprise. Perhaps so, but it is as sure as fate that either by private or public enterprise, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Chicago, New Orleans, St. Louis, San Francisco, Galveston, and all our great commercial and manufacturing centres will, before the close of the century, find ready communication by rail with the markets of the South American republics.

The real difficulty with the *Times* is disclosed when it says:

"The United States is regarded as the rival of England, and as the States of the southern half of the continent were developed by British capital, there exists an important party which will regard any step toward closer commercial and political relations with the United States as a step away from an old and trusted friend."

Our foreign competitors need make no mistake about this matter. The trade of the American continent is naturally destined for America; and the heart of America, commercially and financially, lies in the United States.

A LEADER.

According to *Frank Leslie's Illustrated and Embellished* newspaper the Republican party in this State is "leaderless." Can it be possible that Editor Sleicher has never heard of Thomas Collier Platt? Or, is he just the kind of leader who is not wanted?—*New York Advertiser*.

SENATOR PLATT could lead if he would. No doubt he would be inclined to lead but for the embarrassment which leadership of the Republican party of this State seems inevitably to invite.

It is the misfortune of the party that, here and there throughout the State, a few scattered newspapers exist that seem to like the leadership of the mugwumps better than that of any one else. Fortunately, there are not enough of these to do great harm, and their number is constantly shrinking, while Senator Platt, in spite of calumnies and conspiracies against him, is being continually forced to the front.

We have said that the party required a leader, and that it would be content with any man who was competent to lead and who would consent to assume the burden. Mr. Platt, by force of circumstances, may be compelled, in spite of himself, to assume the party's leadership, and this is why the mugwump cabal is making him the particular object of its venom before the opening of the fall campaign.

No, Mr. *Advertiser*, the kind of leader we want and need is a man much after the make of Mr. Platt in his knowledge of men and of practical politics, his aggressiveness, his persistence, his vigor and zeal. And it makes very little difference what the mugwumps have to say about him.

PUBLIC HEALTH ENDANGERED.

IT is a matter of no little consequence that the Health Board of New York City, after an inspection of the city's water supply, officially reports that it is badly polluted by a reckless disregard of the laws of health. How many deaths from typhoid fever, diphtheria, and blood-poisoning diseases generally have been caused in New York and in other cities by a polluted public water supply, may never be known, but there is warrant for believing that the victims would number a list frightful to contemplate.

Occasionally we hear of an outbreak of typhoid fever which can be clearly traced to a polluted well, creek, or river, but the danger from such a source in a great city like New York is

beyond calculation. If it should result in an epidemic outbreak, instant and untold injury to the business interests of the community would be inflicted. There is absolutely no excuse for such a condition of affairs and unless a remedy is speedily provided, regardless of the expense involved, great harm must befall the material as well as the physical welfare of New York.

It is noticeable that the chemist who examined the water supply of the city reported that a number of sources of contamination exist on property belonging to the city. He says that the water in one of the reservoirs is grossly contaminated with vegetable matter; that, because of a contention with the city, private parties have refused to remove nuisances that pollute the water and there is an entire disregard by some citizens occupying property near the reservoir of sanitary regulations laid down by the State Board of Health.

The entire report of the chemist seems to concentrate the blame for the pollution of the water supply upon the laxness or remissness of the city authorities. What a commentary this is on the character of the municipal government of the greatest city in the land! What an argument it is in favor of municipal reform—an argument that applies in other cities as well as here.

THE COMING EUROPEAN WAR.

ONE of our subscribers, who reads this paper with an evident appreciation of its best things, sends us his ideas of the situation abroad, in the light of what Professor Totten has written regarding the Millennium and also in the light of Hermann Kutnow's recent interesting contribution predicting an approaching war in Europe. We submit the letter to our readers, in the belief that it will be entertaining and perhaps instructive:

THE RESULTS OF A WAR IN EUROPE—WILL THE END BE ARMA-GEDDON?

France, fiery, impetuous, and longing for vengeance; Russia, ambitious, crafty, and scheming; Germany and Austria, cool, calm, and determined, all armed to the teeth with arms, engines, and the material of modern warfare as perfect in their construction, as formidable and destructive in their properties, as the combined genius of the world can produce, stand facing each other with drawn sabres and unlimbered guns, while the remaining nations listen intently for the reverberating echoes of that opening shot which will usher in a conflict the like of which has not hitherto been known.

War must come. These nations have kept several millions of men armed, trained, and disciplined to war for so long a period of time that they have forgotten the arts of peace—know no trade but war. To disband such enormous armies would be imbecile. They must fight. Then the victorious army will be too elated and the beaten one too demoralized to be immediately dangerous.

Russia and France will be the aggressors. Two lines of strategy lie open to them: The neutrality of Italy may be purchased. A simultaneous attack by Russia and France on the eastern and western borders of the German territory (this, so long as Belgium be not threatened, would give England no pretext for interference), to be followed by a Russian attack on India while France attacks Egypt. By this time it would be too late for effectual interference on the part of England. On the other hand, by first attacking India and Egypt the triple alliance would not feel called upon to interfere. Then, attacking Germany, Austria, and Belgium, interference would come too late.

Success, in either case, would place Constantinople at the mercy of Russia, the possession of which, according to the first Napoleon, would give her the control of the world. The accomplishment of these ends by two such Powers as France and Russia would inevitably be followed by the expulsion of Anglo-Saxon civilization from Europe and the substitution of that of the stronger of the other two races, neither of which possesses qualities which would improve our civilization.

It needs no prophet to announce that the purpose for which man was placed upon this planet is nearly accomplished. After the development and civilization of Africa there remains but the perfecting of ourselves. The Millennium, at which so many scoff, may be nearer than we dream. May not the struggle between the Saxon and Latin and Slav races, which seems so close at hand, end with Arma-Geddon? ALFRED HARVEY.

CASTINE, MAINE.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

IN making an honest dollar the chief plank in his platform in Ohio, Major McKinley has displayed characteristic sagacity. The argument against the honest dollar, made mainly by a few rich owners of silver mines, vanishes to the winds when it has to face the truth.

THE Farmers' Alliance threatens so much trouble to the Democracy of North Carolina that an effort is being made in that State to drag President Polk, who heads the Alliance movement, into a personal controversy with some of his political opponents—newspaper men. The purpose of the controversy, it seems, is to provoke President Polk into a duel. If this scheme should result in his fatal injury it would not help the cause of the Democracy in North Carolina. It would simply arouse, stimulate, and excite an Alliance sentiment, not only in North Carolina, but throughout the South. It looks as if the Alliance was becoming a very formidable political factor in the South.

It is said that experience proves that the average life of a gas well when drawn upon constantly is three years or less. As the knowledge of this fact has spread, it has dawned upon manufacturers who are dependent upon natural gas for fuel, in Indiana, Pennsylvania, and other places, that they must be more economical in its consumption. The waste of natural gas has been enormous and has gone unchecked. Now that the life of a gas well is known, manufacturers begin to calculate more closely upon the allowance that nature will provide them and, by virtue of necessity, are endeavoring to limit the waste. But nothing can recover the enormous loss already permitted.

THE complaint has often been made during summer by those who visit to Coney Island that a part of that island, located on the ocean front, is inaccessible to the visitor unless he will pay a railroad fare to cross it. By what right a private interest fences in the ocean front has not been revealed. We doubt whether the right exists. We allude to this matter in connection with an effort being made by a board recently created in Massachusetts called the Trustees of Public Reservations, and which is empowered to acquire, hold, arrange, maintain and open to the public, under suitable regulations, beautiful and historic places and tracts of land within the State. The telegraph announces that this movement was started "in view of the increasing density of population and the inevitable consequent appropriation to private uses of all such places as are not reserved by law for public purposes." The officials having this matter in

charge report that they are surprised to find that in some of the shore towns of Massachusetts it seems not unlikely that people may yet have to pay a fee for a view of the ocean along the Massachusetts coast. In this State, on the part of Coney Island mentioned, the people are now paying a fee for the privilege of reaching the waters of the Atlantic. The State of New York evidently needs a board of trustees of public reservations.

THE Massachusetts People's party, which proposes to put a State ticket in the field this fall, recently adopted a platform fashioned somewhat after that of the Farmers' Alliance, although it is mild in its demands as compared with those of some of the Western Alliance States. In its request for the establishment of postal savings banks, the enactment of laws to prevent tax-dodging, and a graduated income tax upon inheritances, and particularly in its demand that all public employes be subject to the rules of civil service reform, the platform will meet the approval of all right-minded men. There are some things in the platform of the Massachusetts People's party that both the great political parties could copy with profit.

IN this season of peace and plenty one reads with sympathy that, in some of the provinces of Russia the failure of the crops has brought large numbers of peasants to an absolute state of starvation, so that many of them are sustaining life by eating grass and leaves, and hundreds are slowly and painfully dying. A clergyman reports in the London *Pall Mall Gazette* that in one of the villages in the Russian province of Kazen, consisting of a hundred and forty houses, only twenty residents were found eating ordinary food in sufficient quantity to keep them alive. The condition of the peasantry is such that an outbreak against the Government is threatened, unless relief is promptly afforded. What a picture of absolute misery in this time of prosperity and this age of civilization! How happy is the lot of the American toiler in the shop and in the field.

THE official announcement by Secretary Foster that the Government is ready to pay off the four and one-half per cents at maturity this month indicates that the Federal Treasury is not quite bankrupt. The alarmist rumors to the effect that the Treasury was without funds were circulated for purely partisan purposes. They were not calculated to help our credit abroad, or to do any good to any political party at home. This Government is prepared to meet all its obligations. After it has paid off the four and one-half per cent bonds it will have abundant revenues to meet other obligations as they mature, and before many years have elapsed the national debt will be a thing of the past. This is an encouraging outlook and all the more encouraging because of the knowledge that foreign nations are constantly adding to instead of reducing their liabilities.

THE anti-railway agitation in some Western and Southern States threatens the integrity of railroad interests. The railway commissioners of Kansas recently, under the broad license given them by the State, undertook to compel the Union Pacific to relay a large amount of trackage with heavier steel rails than the company had on hand and it was recently stated that the cotton tariff fixed by the Texas Railway Commission would put the San Antonio and Aransas Pass Railway into bankruptcy and entail a loss upon it of \$100,000 per annum. The Aransas Pass Railway runs through a cotton country and depends mainly upon cotton freights for its income. Other railroads, having a diversified traffic, could stand the reduction of cotton freights by the State Board, but the Aransas Pass Railway finds this reduction a death-blow. It is these things that intimidate investors and drive them away from the stock market and at the same time it is this sort of thing that unfortunately drives Eastern capital generally away from the South and the West.

OUR Amateur Photographic Contest, which has been running several months, will close on the first of October. We have published from week to week a list of entries and urge those who propose to join in the competition to send in their photographs at once.

The following entries have been made in our Amateur Photographic Contest for the week ending August 31st: Miss Mary K. Irving, Colfax, Cal.; George E. Styles, Burlington, Vt.; W. C. Walker, Utica, N. Y.; J. E. Wright, M.D., Philadelphia, Pa.; Mortimer B. Howe, New York City; R. H. Scadin, Dexter, Mich.; George Blyth, Jr., Ottawa, Canada; Miss Ida Voigt, Sandusky, Ohio; C. I. Newman, Highmont, N. Y.; Don A. Seely, Bradford, Pa.; Brother Lucius, Brotherhood College, St. Louis, Mo.; Frank S. Havens, Hartford, Conn.; Frank S. Carr, Fall River, Mass.; C. W. Clark, Coxsackie, N. Y.; Henry L. Underhill, Brooklyn, N. Y.; W. H. Jackson, Springfield, N. Y.; Edward L. Stevens, Boynton, Conn.; Frank Howard, Philadelphia, Pa.; Miss Lottie E. Benton, Crown Point, N. Y.; Miss Jeanne M. Minor, Natchez, Miss.; Frederick L. Johnson, Concord, N. H.; Miss Constance A. Baker, Red Bank, Ohio; Miss Laura A. Lautenschlager, Chicago, Ill.; Otto W. Mix, Manistee, Mich.; William B. Sedwick, Gatesville, Tex.; Horace N. Keys, Orid, Mich.; Lucian C. Jackson, Springfield, N. Y.

ONE of the most pleasant incidents of President Harrison's recent journey to Vermont was the birthday party given to him at the Hotel Balmoral, on Mount McGregor, near Saratoga, by Mr. W. J. Arkell. At Mount McGregor is the cottage where General Grant breathed his last and the President and his host were not unmindful of that fact. Ex-Senator James Arkell, father of W. J. Arkell, sat at the banquet board and at the close of the dinner, in toasting the President, spoke with grace and felicity. We quote a strikingly eloquent paragraph:

"A little over a hundred years have passed away—a century of hardly broken silence had slept over these quiet scenes between the glad rattle of Gates's victorious guns on that side and the sad requiem on this, when the Federal cannon sobbed the message that General Grant had surrendered to the only power that could conquer him. Unshuffled Riverside holds his remains. Mount McGregor lifts its twelve hundred feet of granite as an eternal monument to his memory."

In his reply, which embraced a tribute to General Grant that especially befitted the occasion, President Harrison gave expression to a laconic, striking sentence, one that will long survive the occasion upon which it was uttered. He said: "Great lives like that of General Grant do not go out, they go on." Commenting on this the Burlington *Hawkeye* says: "Is there

anybody in the United States, literary man, orator, preacher, or professor of rhetoric, who would care to better the phrase?"

NO MORE interesting paper on the subject of news-gathering has ever been printed than that of the Hon. William Henry Smith, manager of the New York Associated Press, in the August number of the *Century*. Mr. Smith knows by practical experience, extending through many years, all the ins and outs of news-gathering. His splendid management of the Associated Press since it has fallen under his direction is the best proof of his competency to write on the subject he has chosen. The difference between the present system of news-gathering and that of fifty years ago, when enterprising newspapers depended, not upon the telegraph but upon carrier-pigeons, the stage-coach, and express for the best news service, is astonishing. When, in 1851, five of the leading dailies of New York City agreed to consolidate their news bureaus and organized the Associated Press, they laid the foundation of a structure of magnificent proportions. The telegraph, brought into practical use about the same time, was the missing link necessary to establish the strength of the institution and now the telegraphic service has grown from a few thousand words a day to 75,000 and even 100,000 words daily at the office of the Associated Press. Mr. Smith devotes some space to the refutation of the charge that newspapers are not reliable and he places the blame for this unreliability largely upon persons who refuse to give facts or who mislead reporters. He makes clear a fact that should be apparent to every thoughtful person—that newspapers must aim to be reliable in order to maintain their reputations and that where a misstatement is made, in nearly every instance it is unintentional. The press has an able and vigorous champion in Mr. Smith but in these days it should need no champion and no apologist.

MAJOR MCKINLEY—A NATIONAL CONVENTION SECRET REVEALED.

THE name of no man in public life is more familiar to the people of the United States than that of Major McKinley, of Ohio. In introducing him at a great basket picnic given near his summer home at South Salem, Ohio, the Hon. Thomas McDougall, a distinguished Republican orator of Ohio, paid a fervent tribute to Major McKinley and, incidentally, for the first time made public an incident in connection with the Chicago convention of 1888 that will be read with special interest. Mr. McDougall said:

"FELLOW-CITIZENS: The delegates from the State of Ohio in 1888 presented to the National Republican Convention, as Ohio's candidate for the Presidency, one of her distinguished sons who, as a statesman, has no superior in experience, ability, service, fidelity and equipment—John Sherman."

"Ohio believed he was peculiarly fitted for the highest office in the gift of the people, and that if the merit of long service, great ability and experience ever entitled any one to that office, he was so entitled. The nomination was given to Benjamin Harrison, another of Ohio's native sons. He has filled the office well. Pure in character, able in statesmanship and lofty in purpose, he has, with his distinguished Cabinet, given to the American people an administration great in its public service and peculiarly great in all that is distinctively American, in which he has been aided largely by that eminent American citizen at the head of the State Department, James G. Blaine."

"A combination of honest ignorance, misguided zeal, spite, hate, and disappointed ambition and an interested, selfish, blatant demagoguery, seeks at this day and in this campaign, to deprive the nation of the benefit of the great ability, experience and statesmanship of John Sherman, and to retire him, as it claims to have done others, to oblivion. We trust this unfortunate crusade and combination will not succeed, and that as long as John Sherman is able and willing to serve his country the country may enjoy the benefit of his services in the position in which he is best qualified to serve."

"That combination of honest ignorance, misguided zeal and selfish demagoguery, where it has temporarily succeeded in the name of the Farmers' Alliance, in the State of Kansas, by its misuse of legislation and advocacy of impracticable schemes and the fear of what it may do, has wrought such evil that it may be truly said that in the loss of financial confidence and injury to the material interests of the farmers and people of Kansas, the success of the so-called Alliance has been worse than the greatest grasshopper plague that that State has ever known. Legitimate legislation can never make a bad man good, a poor farm rich or an idle, lazy man diligent. It neither brings good crops nor makes bad ones. It has its limited mission for good and that mission does not include the wild, impracticable schemes embodied in the platform of the so-called people's party."

"True, lasting and beneficial reform is a plant of very slow growth. It never comes from those who are dominated by hate, class interest, disappointed ambition, revenge or self-interest. Like charity, it always begins at home and is generally personal in its operations. The great reforms that have come to this people in the past thirty years have mainly been wrought through the work of loyal, unselfish citizens, organized as the Republican party."

"Among the delegates from Ohio to that National Republican Convention was another of Ohio's distinguished sons, comparatively young in years. Such was the estimate of his high, pure and tried character, his great ability, his unflinching patriotism and loyalty, his conspicuous services on the battle-field of his country and his equally valuable services in the halls of Congress, that the convention in a critical time in its proceedings seemed turned to him as the man of all men to unite all conflicting forces by making him its candidate for the Presidency. Of all the men before that convention none enjoyed a larger confidence, none was more truly lovable and loved or was cleaner and purer in private life."

"No man possessed in a higher degree that integrity, that unselfishness, that modest humility, that absence of self and unflinching courage and fidelity to every duty and trust than he."

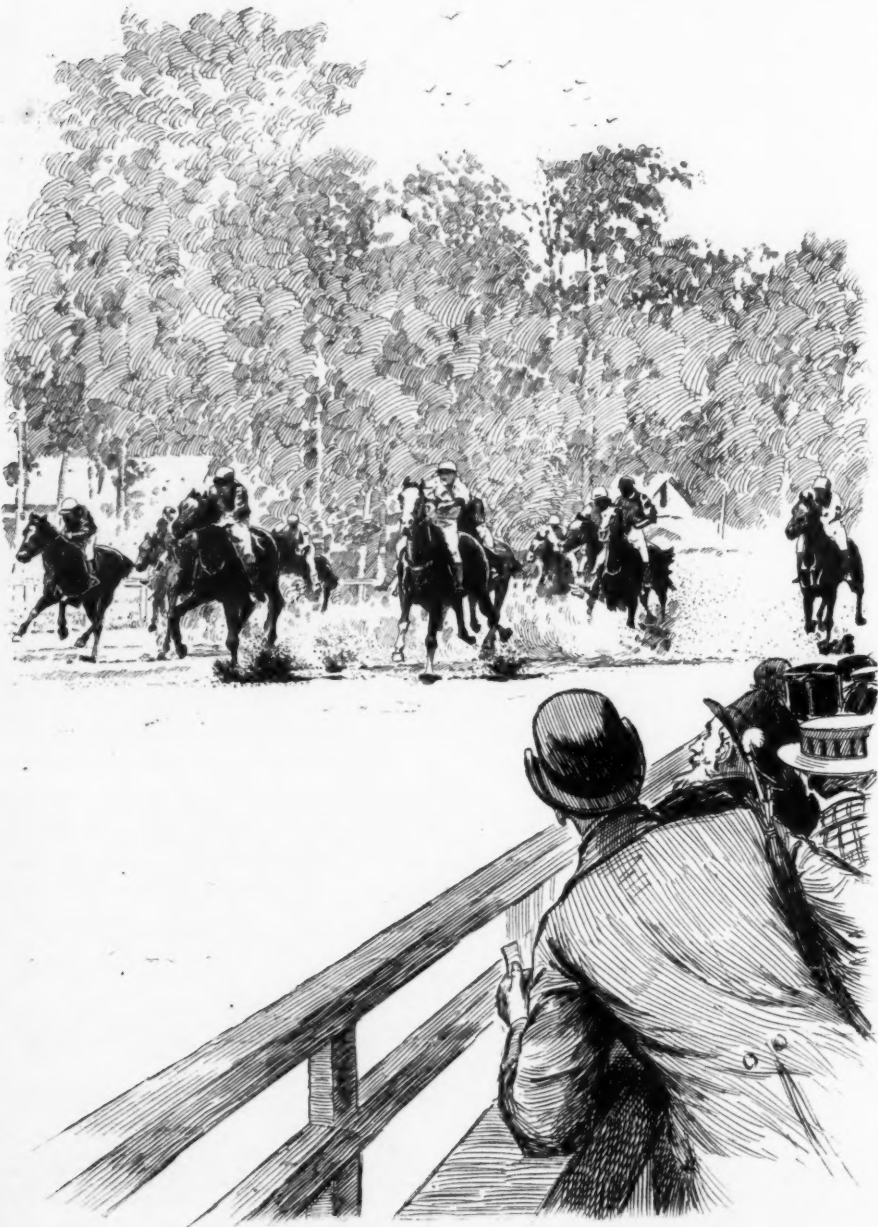
"The man, and what he is, alone commanded the attention, confidence and esteem of the convention. He had manufactured no boom in his interests; he had laid no plans and had no trained army to create before that convention a furor for his name; he was dominated by no selfish ambition in the discharge of the trust imposed upon him."

"Loyal and true to that trust and his duty as an instructed delegate by his constituents in Ohio to secure the nomination of John Sherman, steadfastly, heroically, persistently refused all overtures, and allowed the use of his name for the high office of President, which all men knew he was so well fitted to fill. When it was practically offered to him he put it away, stating to one of his friends—now a candidate on the Republican ticket with him this fall—'I would rather you would carry home the dead body of William McKinley than take him home nominated for President. I came here instructed for John Sherman, and no man will ever say of me that I was disloyal to my instructions.'"

"My friends, such men are rare in public life and let us thank God they exist. It gives me real joy to present that man to you to-day. The man who stands as the representative of protection to the industries, homes, wages, comforts and interests of the farmers, mechanics, and working people of the best and most prosperous country on this globe. A country to which all working people emigrate, or desire to emigrate, in their own interests and from which none ever depart, save when compelled to. A country in which the workingman receives more money for his labor and enjoys more of the comforts of living for himself and family than any other on the globe."

"The man who stands for protection to the right of every citizen, of whatever race or color, in whatever place, to cast his ballot and have it honestly counted. The man who stands for protection to the honest dollar and to save the working masses from the robbery of a depreciated currency, in the name of 'free silver' or more money for the needs of the farmer and the working man—the cry of ignorance or demagoguery. The man who is in all things at all times 'an American citizen.'"

"The man who has no machine to promote his interests; no spites, revenges, or selfish ambitions to gratify; who believes his party and its interests are greater than any of its members. The man who is a servant and yet a leader, because he believes the highest and greatest leadership is in loyal, unselfish service to the interests of his country and party. He has not called himself but we have called him, because, as Governor Foraker has so well said, 'we love him.' The true, manly, unselfish, clean, loyal and able William McKinley. Allow me to present to you the next Governor of Ohio, who will give us an administration in every way worthy of the great Republican Governors that have preceded him."



Coming into the stretch.



Dave Gideon, owner of "His Highness."



Trainer Hyland.



Jockey McLaughlin, rider of the winner.

THE FUTURITY RACE.—FROM A PICTURE BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

Littlefield. Covington. Miller. Taylor. Barnes. Heyward. Ray. Lambley. Williams.



Taral. Murphy. Hamilton. Kiley. Sims. Bergen.

THE PROMINENT JOCKEYS OF THE YEAR.—FROM A PICTURE BY J. C. HEMMENT.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



THE INVITATION: PHOTO BY S. W. HENSON, ELYRIA, OHIO.



THE COURTESY: PHOTO BY SIBYL HERSHFIELD.



THE EXPERIMENT: PHOTO BY S. W. HENSON, ELYRIA, OHIO.



THE CATASTROPHE: PHOTO BY S. W. HENSON, ELYRIA, OHIO.



THE LOOKOUT: PHOTO BY GENERAL WALTER C. STOKES, NEW YORK CITY.



A COTTON-YARD, AUGUSTA, GA.: ANONYMOUS.

OUR THIRD AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST.—SPECIMENS OF THE PICTURES SUBMITTED IN COMPETITION.

NOT SO FAST.

NOT so fast, my crowding blisses!
Loiter, an ye may—
Spend not all the morrow's kisses
On the swift to-day.

Love is laggard who possesses,
Dearest is his doubt;
Life is fed on golden guesses
Death is life found out.

Half in hunger let me linger,
That my hunger last—
Lest some satiate future finger
At the glutton past!

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

AUNT JANE AND THE FOG-HORN.

BY RAY LEDYARD.



HO-OO-OO!" said the fog-horn. Its voice was hoarse and misty, and a dull swash of water eddied up around the old stone pier and seemed scarcely wetter than the fog itself. They did not seem to mind it, those two, sitting on a coil of rope behind the sail loft. The fog might roll in and change the rusty anchors into monstrous and weird shapes; it might blot out all the town, and curl Mary's hair into little damp rings, but it was only harmless fog, after all. Perhaps it was a little easier to talk through the veil of its soft grayness than quite face to face—that is, if any one happened to be at all shy.

"Don't you see, Mary," he was saying, "I've jest got this job up ter the light-house. It's a good bit better pay than the life-savin' station, and pretty soon—I guess I might save enough to—to— Well, there's a little house over to Winset Bay, you know, right handy to the light, and I thought I could get part of it to begin with. Then there's the fishin', when the fog ain't on, and— Why, Mary! what's the matter?"

"Nothin'; only—only— Oh, Jamie, it's all too good to be true. I can't believe it. Somethin' 'll happen sure, I know it will; and what'll Aunt Jane say?"

"Well, if that 'Aunt Jane' er yourn ain't made you miserable enough a'ready I'll be— No, I won't either, seein' you've got to live with her a spell longer, but—"

"Now, Jamie," and her eyes had a pleased look in spite of herself, "you musn't. I've got Aunt Jane Townly to thank for everything ('Tain't much, in a growl from Jamie), and really, she's awful good to me—she means to be, at least."

Poor Mary fairly stammered in her efforts to be truthful.

Jamie laughed.

"There! never mind, Mary. 'Aunt Jane's' a angel out of heaven misplaced onto this wicked earth, or anything else you like." Then he sighed. "I wish I had you now," he said. "What you goin' for?"

Mary had risen, and he stood beside her.

"It's time for supper," she said. "Aunt Jane don't like late folks."

"'Aunt Jane' ag'in, is it? Well, sometime it'll be somebody 'sides 'Aunt Jane.' I'm a-comin' down to see 'Aunt Jane' to-night, do you know it, Mary? Jest to give her warnin' that her hired girl she gits for nothin' is a-goin' to work out somewhere's else. Heh, Mary?"

They were making their way back over the wharf, past the great rusty anchors, piles of tarry-smelling rope, old sails, and fathoms of worn-out chain cable.

"When do you start in?" she asked.

"Day after to-morrow."

"Day after to-morrow? To-day's Friday. Why—why, Jamie, that 'll be Sunday!"

"Well, yes. You don't want ships to go ashore of a Sunday any more'n week days, do you? That ain't Christian, any how. Old Keeper Pease, up to the light, likes to go to meetin' and so I've got to stay round and see to things in the forenoon. I'm off in the afternoon. Will you go to walk with me?"

He took her gently by the shoulders and looked down into her eyes.

"Yes, Jamie," she answered, and then, as there was no one about but the fog, he kissed her.

"Who-oo-oo!" remarked the fog-horn, suspiciously; and Jamie laughed.

"Oh, you're there, are you, playin' gooseberry? Well, I, for one, don't care ef ye do. Did ye ask 'Who?' Why, Mary and me, of course. Who'd ye s'pose?"

Such fog as Peconet fog was! Thicker, wetter, stickier than any other fog on the coast. It came rolling in with great trailing streamers, until wharves and streets and houses looked like imaginations. The Peconet people didn't mind it, and the few artists who came there to paint spoke of the wonderful atmosphere when the dull banks lay grimly around the horizon waiting for the darkness. The light-house, with its attendant fog-horn, stood on a point, half breakwater and half natural rock. On one side was the ocean, and on the other a little bay that offered partial protection for fishing-boats and an occasional yacht. Jamie Meggs considered himself well-off, though the light-house was a gloomy place at best when the fog came rolling past in great puffs of damp grayness. But Sunday morning dawned clear and cloudless, and everything favored his "startin' in."

Aunt Jane Amelia Townly came out of her room and found the kettle singing, the table spread, and a certain compound odor of beans and brown bread in the air. Aunt Jane never showed appreciation, and sternly suppressed any feeling of satisfaction, especially on Sundays. So when her lodger, Miss Austin, held her hands out to the fire and sniffed the suggestive fragrance, and stroked the cat and said, "Ah! this is simply delicious."

Good-morning, Mary," Aunt Jane drew down the corners of her mouth and said "she was always most thankful for her creature comforts, but *hoped* she didn't ever give 'em an undue importance." A very slow grace in a kind of solemn recitative. Then she helped herself largely to beans, and attacked the subject of Jamie Meggs. The truth was, that Aunt Jane was inwardly much pleased at that young man's announcement on Friday evening, viz., "that he was thinkin' of gettin' married, and had in mind her niece Mary." She knew him to be steady and promising, and if he wasn't a "perfessin' Christian, he did go to meetin' regular." Then he was handsome, and though she would never have admitted it, Aunt Jane was an admirer of manly beauty. Everything had gone smoothly, but somehow nobody had mentioned the fact that Jamie Meggs had to be "round the light" on Sunday mornings. Mary had talked it all over with Miss Austin, and that little fair-haired lady had promised her support in any difficulty.

Now Aunt Jane, having taken half her cup of coffee and a certain number of beans, began to feel in a genial mood in spite of herself.

"Well, Mary," she said, hitting the bull's-eye of the matter at the first attempt, "I s'pose that young Meggs feller 'll be goin' to meetin' with you this mornin'. Me an' Miss Austin ain't wanted, I guess."

Mary turned very red.

"Well, no, Aunt Jane," she said, with an appealing look at Miss Austin; "I guess I'll go along with you just the same."

Miss Austin didn't respond at once, but waited further developments. Aunt Jane became a trifle frigid.

"Well, I must say, Mary, that I think it most proper and usual for a young man who's a-goin' to keep company with a young woman to be seen with her in meetin'. I don't think so well of James Meggs for this. Didn't he ask you could he go? What in the world are you lookin' like a scared cat for?"

"Aunt Jane," faltered Mary, "you see—Jamie did speak about it, and he was sorry he couldn't; but he—well, he starts in up to the light this mornin'. Keeper Pease, he likes to come over to meetin', you see, and Jamie has to be round to see to things."

During this explanation Aunt Jane's mouth had grown stiffer and stiffer, and she shut her eyes until Mary had finished. Just as she was about to answer Miss Austin broke in.

"You see, Miss Townly, Keeper Pease wants to run the light on a Christian basis, so he has an assistant, that the Government may be represented in the morning. Then the assistant goes with you in the evening, doesn't he, Mary?"

Mary said "Yes" gratefully, but Aunt Jane's wrath was not averted.

"It's an unchristian occupation. It prevents the attendance upon divine worship that's enjoined in the holy Scriptures. It ain't right, and, Mary Jane Townly, I just want you to understand that it ain't with my consent that you ever speak to James Meggs again. A man who can sell his precious and eternal religious privileges for a few paltry cents ain't the man for any niece of mine, and that ends it."

Mary gave a little cry at the beginning of this speech, and then sat mutely listening.

"But, Aunt Jane," in the smallest little voice possible, "I—I—love him!"

"It don't make a bit of difference. Much you know about love! 'Be ye not unequally yoked together with unbelievers.' But Mary fled to her room to cry in peace. Everything seemed ended, and defiance of Aunt Jane's mandate did not even occur to her. For to this girl, an orphan from her babyhood, Miss Jane Townly had been father, mother, law, and conscience, and it never entered poor Mary's head that her will admitted of contradiction. Her happiness of two days was gone, and although her whole being was in revolt, she simply submitted with no idea of an alternative. "Who-oo-oo!" sounded the fog-horn, and in a moment the light-house, which Mary could see from her window, was blotted out in a dull, thick veil of vapor, it seemed to her forever.

When the three started for church Aunt Jane's face was as solemnly set as usual. Mary's eyes were a little red, and her mouth more than a little piteous, and Miss Austin had a small scowl between her finely marked eyebrows. She was quickly sympathetic, as all artists are, but beyond the aesthetic appreciation of another's trouble she had the human longing to do all in her power to better matters. So she drew Mary's arm within hers, and by many an irrelevant remark so cheered her that when they reached the white meetin'-house Mary felt the indefinable hope that always comes with a friend's sympathy. As they went in Miss Austin whispered, "I want to talk with you after church," and somehow Mary felt that everything was coming out right. Her spirits dropped again with the psalm. "The sea is His, and He made it," and when, at the end of the sermon, the sun, which had been shining brightly, suddenly went under a cloud, poor Mary could hardly keep back the tears. Good old Parson Mowton preached a sermon to the unconverted, and there was much about the "decisive step," the danger of the unconscious as well as the conscious sinner, and Miss Austin narrowly watched Aunt Jane Townly. She saw how that excellent woman was storing up every chance expression to hurl with unerring aim at Jamie Meggs, and when the final hymn was given out, and the wheezy old organ played its usual unrecognizable prelude, she could hardly keep from smiling.

The congregation stood up in the sudden gloom of the fog-eclipsed sun, and slowly the grand, lugubrious old hymn rolled upward—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land,
'Twixt two unbounded seas I stand,
Alone insensible;
A point of time, a moment's space,
Removes me to yon heavenly place
Or shuts me up in hell."

"Who-oo?" queried the fog-horn through the gloom; and Miss Austin felt Mary shiver and saw Aunt Jane's significant glance. On rolled the hymn with incessant questionings from the fog-horn.

"Before me place in dread array,
The pomp of that tremendous day
When thou in clouds shalt come;
To judge the nations at thy bar—
Oh! tell me, Lord, shall I be there,
To meet a joyful doom?"

The old white-headed minister extended his hands and pronounced the benediction. He added a prayer to himself for the good result of his sermon. The fog-horn responded with a long-drawn "A-a-men!" and the congregation, with various hitches in the doorway for gossip, streamed out into the fog-laden streets.

Miss Austin drew Mary aside.

"Mary," she said, "did you every think of the difference between natural law and the spiritual law, as man (or woman) interprets it?"

"I know what Aunt Jane calls 'spiritual law,'" said Mary.

"Poor child, I am afraid you do! Did you ever think, though, that there was a higher law than the law 'Aunt Jane' calls spiritual?"

"No," Mary hadn't.

"Sometime, when it was a bright, sunny Sunday, and the birds were singing and the water laughing, and you hoped you could sit where you could see 'somebody' in church, and everything was just bursting with pure natural happiness—did you ever have a feeling that you were glad, even if 'Aunt Jane' told you it was wrong?"

"Yes," Mary had, "so often."

"Did you ever think that perhaps what made you happy in spite of yourself might be that very spiritual law, coming straight to you without 'Aunt Jane's' very human medium?"

"No," Mary hadn't.

"I think it is! And Mary," Miss Austin went on, with a little tender fun in her voice, "isn't a walk with Jamie Meggs this afternoon the happiest thing you could do? Don't you feel that you would be better for it?"

"Yes," Mary knew she would.

"Then," said this very revolutionary young woman, turning into the little gate, "I should go, Aunt Jane or no Aunt Jane."

It was certainly a revelation to Mary, but heresy of this kind takes hold quickly, and she went. When she came back she found that Ratcliff Amos Townly had come to supper at his Aunt Jane's. Why is it that boys of fourteen and fifteen are so easily able to pull the wool over the eyes of affectionate maiden aunts? Certain it is that Aunt Jane Townly saw never a fault in this homely, slouchy, red-headed nephew. What he did was right because he did it. Ratcliff—popularly known as "Rat," from the fortunate arrangement of his initials—was *not* a particularly good boy. He had been known to use "bad words." He went fishing "of a Sunday." He was prone to haunt, not the village store, where even the parson stopped for a word now and then, but another store down by the wharves, where they sold "tackle" and groceries, and where they had the reputation of selling other things, neither "tackle" nor groceries. But none of these frightful sins reached the ears of Aunt Jane, and she put the plate of doughnuts in front of him, and the cream-jug beside him, and told Mary to get more cookies.

Rat had no time for conversation until a certain number of aforesaid dainties had disappeared. Then—

"Oh, Mary! 'Fore I'd let a feller kiss me Sunday afternoon down on the old pier!"

Aunt Jane started. She had been asleep when Jamie had called for Mary.

"Meggs is a good sort, though," Rat continued. "Kind of stooped now and then, but—"

"Ratcliff," interrupted Aunt Jane, "you've got a good sight more sense than most of your elders. James Meggs is a bad man!"

"So," thought Miss Austin, "his character has grown suddenly worse. He was only 'engaged in an unchristian occupation' this morning."

"I couldn't help a-thinkin'," Aunt Jane went on, "how wonderful appropriate that hymn was this mornin'—

"Lo! on a narrow neck of land—

'Twixt two unbounded seas, etc., etc.,

that meanin' the light-house and James Meggs the unconscious and insensible sinner upon it."

"Wonder which is hell—Winset Bay or outside?" muttered Rat to Miss Austin.

"What's that you say, Rat?" queries Aunt Jane.

"Nothin', only tellin' Miss Austin how nice Winset Bay is. She wants to go rowin', an' I guess I'll take her sometime."

Such a storm as there was that week! For three days the wind blew so that Mary could hardly stand in the little narrow streets. The rollers came tearing in, fairly racing over the stone pier and hanging festoons of seaweed and kelp on the flukes of the rusty anchors. The fishing-boats dragged their moorings and pieces of drift and wreckage came in from the sea. The waves dashed over the breakwater, and only once had Jamie been able to come ashore for supplies. On Saturday the wind fell, and on Sunday the well-known fog hid everything. It seemed as though a veil had been dropped over the devastation of the storm. Mary went down to the old stone pier before church. She dared not venture far out on it, for now and then a huge wave broke over the end. Very terrible were these great smooth hills of water, rolling in out of the fog, unbroken until they lazily tumbled themselves over on the rocks. The fog seemed to lift to let each wave through, and above the roar came the distant warning of the fog-horn. She had come down to hear that fog-horn. It seemed to speak to her, and help her; for poor Mary had not had an easy week. She had only seen Jamie twice, and the spirit of independence awakened by Miss Austin had grown very weak and feeble under Aunt Jane's accomplished system of exasperating disapproval. Everything seemed dull and stupid like the fog. Nothing had happened; it seemed as though nothing ever would happen. Mary stared out into the fog. Why wouldn't some good fortune form itself out of all that grayness, and sweep toward her with a little help and comfort? What was it rattled? Some one coming down the pier? Mary turned with a little annoyed gesture. She didn't want to see anybody—and, no—not a soul in sight. Again came the odd rattling, and this time surely from the sea and the low-hanging fog. Again! The sound of an oar vigorously plied, and Mary noticed how the tide was sweeping pieces of drift past the pier-head and out toward the breakwater and the light. Suddenly she sprang to her feet. A shrill cry—"Help! help!" came from the fog, nearer with repetition. A vague shape—was it a piece

of drift or was it a figure in a dory, vainly struggling with a big our? "Help!—help!" fainter and more despairing, and the last cry was drowned in the fog-horn's dull questioning "Who—oo—oo?" "Who," indeed? Mary stood with the sound of the waves beating in her ears; then she ran up the narrow street and burst into the ship-tackle store. A group of men were smoking around the store and there was a strong smell of rum in the heavy air.

"Somebody's drifting out to the light!" she gasped and in an instant the store was empty and she was hurrying and stumbling along in the fog. Through the town, across a stretch of rolling dune and down the rocks to the breakwater. It was just passable and as the straggling party reached it the incessant fog-horn filled the whole air with its "Who—oo—oo!"

Through the dimness they could see a man dash over the rocks, down to the surf. One minute he would stand braced for an incoming wave and the next, running, clambering, slipping over the stones, dragging something that seemed limp and lifeless. Half a dozen men waited for him at the edge of the surf and when he reached the shingle they took his burden from him and carried it slowly up to the road. Pale, limp and blood-stained from a cut on his forehead, Rat little looked the impudent, bad boy he was. Very still, too, with never a word for any one as the village doctor bent over him and, as usual, shook his head. Mary was afraid it was dreadfully wicked but all she could do was to hold on to Jamie's hand and say: "Oh! It—it—isn't you!"

They carried Rat to his Aunt Jane's, which was nearer than his own home and no one had ever seen such a look on Jane Townly's face as when they laid him down on the spare-room bed. Very tenderly was he cared for and when the long state of unconsciousness passed, only bad bruises and a strained ankle showed how the waves had played with him. He had all the attention he wanted. Mary ran for any of the many possessions he loved to have around him, although fish-hooks and files proved disastrous to Aunt Jane's best bed-linen. Miss Austin drew him vivid imaginary sketches of his recent adventures but Aunt Jane would not have him questioned as to what he had been doing that memorable Sunday morning.

One day, however, she went into his room with determination on her face and came out with tears and disappointment. Miss Austin met her in the hall and could only stammer out, "Why—why—Miss Townly!" so unwonted was the spectacle of anything but superiority on Aunt Jane's face.

"Come in here," said Aunt Jane, "and don't you go a-gossipin' about what I'm goin' to tell ye. I've found out that there's two sides to a question, jest as you said, and I've got to confess it ain't pleasant. Rat's just told me what he was doin' Sunday mornin'." Aunt Jane swallowed hard and went on. "I set a lot by that boy. I guess I set too much. He was—was out in the bay a-wreckin'!"

"Wrecking? I don't understand."

"He was out in a dory in a cove where it was comparative calm, a-pickin' up things what come ashore in the storm. He wanted to be ahead of the other boys, who wouldn't most of 'em go till Monday." Here Aunt Jane swallowed hard again. "The tide was runnin' out fearful strong, and he was that careless he got out into rough water and couldn't get back, seein' he had only one oar to scull with. So he went on towards the light, and the rocks there is awful—and—and—" poor Aunt Jane just gave up and sobbed aloud. Miss Austin treated her much as she had treated Mary in her trouble and when she had dried her eyes with sundry little dabs she went on stiffly:

"James Meggs was—there and when the dory struck he went into the surf and—got him out."

A long pause. "That's all," very sharply. "What ye waitin' for?"

"Nothing," said Miss Austin. "But Jamie Meggs is downstairs inquire for Rat. I thought perhaps you would like to see him."

Aunt Jane eyed the innocent young lady closely. Then she went down-stairs.

Jamie was trying to draw Mary down beside him on the stiff sofa. He held one hand, while she was gently pushing him away with the other.

"You mustn't, Jamie dear! Truly, you mustn't. Please let me go! What will Aunt Jane—"

"Hang Aunt Jane, and never mind what she says. I'll have you, Aunt Jane or a hundred Aunt Janes!"

Then he started and stopped and it was wonderful to see how his courage failed before the actual Aunt Jane. But he didn't let go of Mary's hand.

"Young man!" said Aunt Jane, severely, "don't swear. I've got somethin' to say to you and I'm goin' to say it. If you hadn't been up to the light on that holy Sabbath morn Ratcliff Amos Townly would ha' gone to eternity—an' I must admit he ain't ready. I've got to thank you. I don't want to at all. You can have Mary, seein' you want her,—and—" fairly breaking down again—"and you can say 'Hang Jane Amelia Townly' all you want to, for she deserves it if anybody does," and Aunt Jane slammed the door of her bed-room.

Miss Austin paused for an instant at the sitting-room door. She saw Mary turn and look at Jamie Meggs with a loud "Oh, Jamie!" and then she shut the door and went wearily up to her painting.

"Well," she said to herself, "I suppose I may be said to possess a higher order of intelligence than Mary Townly; but I didn't know enough to pick up happiness when it lay at my feet, and she does." She sighed again and buttoned her long paint-apron, looking with half-closed eyes at her unfinished study of the old pier. The fog-horn groaned in the distance. Suddenly she found a veritable fog obscuring her canvas, and with a little despairing gesture she wiped her eyes with a clean corner of her paint-rag.

"Ah, well," she said, "I can paint. I will paint." But what she had seen before she shut the door reminded her that her love-story was past, and that there had been no happy ending to it, like Mary Townly's.

"HORSES, MULES, and ASSES on FARMS," is the title of the latest census bulletin. To correct a misapprehension, we add that it does not relate to the Farmers' Alliance.

IN FASHION'S GLASS.

ONE often hears a perplexed mother exclaim, "How much easier it is to dress girls than it is to dress boys!" And, as a rule, it is a difficult matter to find a style for a little boy which combines a certain manliness with grace. But there is always something poetically suggestive in the idea of girlhood with its springlike freshness and its breezy impulsiveness. Some years ago



LINEN DRESS.

should be carefully considered, and some admirable suggestions may be found in the accompanying illustrations. One is made of gendarme-blue linen. The bodice is full and tied into the waist by a ribbon, beneath which are three basques, each being edged with a narrow frill of blue and white spotted cambric. The turned-down collar, square cuffs, and hem of skirt are similarly trimmed and on the whole it is a dress which could not fail to be becoming to girlish outlines. It is quite as appropriate for light woolen stuffs as for cotton. The second dress is made of marine-blue serge, with a square-cut corselet bodice, joined to the skirt with a seam round the hips and buckling with straps upon the shoulders. Under this is a blouse of gay plaid surah, which, of course, could be varied at any time by other materials and colors.

A pretty little frock for a young child is in princess shape at the back and is made of white delaine striped with pale blue, with a yoke-piece in the front from which full folds of white silk fall to the hem. The yoke is edged with a fancy design of blue and white silk braiding, which is contrived into points. The same idea could be quite successfully carried out in embroidery with a white lawn front, striped with insertions of needle-work.

A stylish school-dress for a girl of six or eight years is made of dark red serge with a single ruffle on the hem of the skirt. The blouse bodice falls over the belt in Garibaldi fashion and is bordered down the front with a double frill of the material. A row of narrow braid trims the ruffles and defines the fullness of the bodice into a pointed yoke. The wide, full sleeves are gathered at the wrists into turn-over cuffs, which, like the turned-down collar, are edged with a row of braid. The latter may match the material in color or would look equally well in dark blue or black.

Another pretty way of trimming a bodice for a young girl is with wide lapels touching the points of the shoulders at the top and narrowing to the waist. The space left between at the centre front may be filled in with embroidery, which should correspond with the cuffs and band on the skirt. Narrow strips of the embroidery may also edge the lapels.

Hats for girls of all ages vary but little, the broad brim and flat crown being perhaps the favorite shape. The fashionable sailor, with the brim crught up at the back by a rosette of chiffon or a pompon, is particularly becoming to little girls and will no doubt be carried out in felt for the coming season.

A handsome coat recently designed for girls up to eight years of age is made of black satin, with a square yoke to which the body is gathered, while the full sleeves are of black satin brocaded in a small pattern, either in disks of color or tiny flower sprigs. Cuffs and a collar of lace form a handsome finish to this stylish little garment.

ELLA STARR.



SERGE DRESS.

LIFE INSURANCE.—HERMIT'S NOTES.

I HAVE some inquiries about the Home Benefit Life Insurance Association of New York. Inquirers may be interested in a recent decision of the Supreme Court of California. In 1886 a man named Murray fell behind in the payment of his assessments to the association but the concern gave him an opportunity to pay and the amount of money due it was sent to the office in San Francisco. It was refused because it was not presented by Murray in person. At that time he was dying. When he died his beneficiary demanded the face value of the policy, which was refused. She was non-suited in the Superior Court but the Supreme Court reversed the judgment and declared that while the insurance company was relieved of all obligations by Murray's neglect to pay his assessments, it waived whatever right it possessed by agreeing to accept the money due. The court did not consider it material that Murray was dying when the money was tendered and put little stress upon the clause that the policy-holder should have paid his dues in person. This decision may be of interest to policy-holders in other assessment associations.

In connection with the above, perhaps my readers have noticed a recent printed statement in reference to the Home Benefit Society, of 161 Broadway, New York, which is a different concern from the Home Benefit Life Insurance Association of 137 Broadway. The printed item tells that a New York tailor named Collard, who died recently, held a \$1,000 certificate in the Home Benefit Society and expected that on his death that amount would go to his widow. But to her amazement it was found that the policy, after "adjustment," produced only \$313.70. The company explained that the unprecedented mortality during the preceding few months made it impossible to do more than pay *pro rata* on the face amount of each certificate and it was pointed out that one of the clauses of the policy permitted the company to *pro rata* claims when the amount realized in assessments proved insufficient to pay in full. I think my readers ought to understand this kink in the policies of the Home Benefit Society. I advise all my readers to carefully scrutinize their policies and see that there is no hidden meaning attached thereto.

For the information of my readers I will mention the companies that have been recently barred from doing business in Ohio by the Insurance Commissioner of that State, on the ground that they have not conformed to the requirements of the insurance laws of Ohio: The Preferred Mutual Accident, of 257 Broadway, New York; the New York Accident, of 96 Broadway, New York; the Bankers' and Tradesmen's, of 155 Broadway, New York. All these are assessment companies.

The State of Arkansas has excluded a number of companies failing to comply with the statute requiring a good and sufficient bond of \$20,000 before business can be done in Arkansas. The companies include the American Mutual Accident Association, of Nashville, Tenn.; the Imperial Life Insurance Company of Detroit; the Provident Savings Life Insurance Society, of New York; the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company, of San Francisco, and the Standard Life and Accident Insurance Company, of Detroit.

The short-term orders, mis-called "insurance schemes," are going to ruin with a rush. In New Hampshire petitions for the appointment of receivers have been presented in cases against the National Benefit Association, the Wamecit Benefit Association and the American Endowment Association—all bond investment companies.

From Hartford, Conn., comes news that hundreds of men and women are mourning the loss of hard-earned dollars given to the Friendly Aid Society, which made promises of big returns which it failed to keep and to the Order of the Royal Ark, which also failed to meet its promises.

The *Weekly Underwriter*, which calls itself an "insurance newspaper," and which circulates only among insurance companies and depends upon them absolutely for its living, also tries its hand at clubbing "The Hermit." It is very funny how all the insurance papers that live on insurance "pap" are ready to jump on me.

I append abbreviated answers to a few inquiries. Many more remain on my desk.

"E. J. McN.," of Tacoma, asks whether the New York Life, the Northwestern, the Equitable, or the Mutual Life of New York, writes the best policy, as to security and cost, and if I consider the twenty-year distribution the best policy.—Ans. All of the companies named by my correspondent are good. My own preference is for one of the New York companies. As to the distribution policy, everything depends upon the circumstances of my correspondent as to what form of policy he should take out.

"H. W. C.," of Wyand, Ill., asks me whether I would advise a man with \$500 to buy building and loan stock, in preference to an investment in a policy of the Mutual Life and also if I think the *Etna* Life is preferable to the Mutual Life.—Ans. I reply that there are so many daily chronicles of the collapse of building and loan associations that I am inclined to be afraid of them, and that I consider the Mutual Life, in the present condition of things, much preferable to the *Etna*.

"B. L.," of Hot Springs, Ark., asks regarding the Massachusetts Benefit Association of Boston.—Ans. I have said in these columns recently that this company has been readmitted to do business in the State of New York and that the Superintendent of Insurance of this State has spoken favorably of its condition.

"H. B.," of New York, inquires about the Order of *Vesta*, of Philadelphia, which promises to pay \$1,000 in five years for an assessment of \$1.25 per week. He asks if the widow of a friend of his, belonging to the order, should continue to pay the assessments.—Ans. This is one of the bond schemes that I look upon with exceeding disfavor. I would not advise the payment of the assessments.

"J. S.," of Portland, Ore., inquires about the National Building and Loan Association of Salt Lake.—Ans. He says it offers to loan \$1,000 for six years for \$152 interest.—Ans. I know nothing about the company, but I have said before, that I would not advise investments in any concern that promised to pay more than seemed justifiable. There is no royal road to wealth.

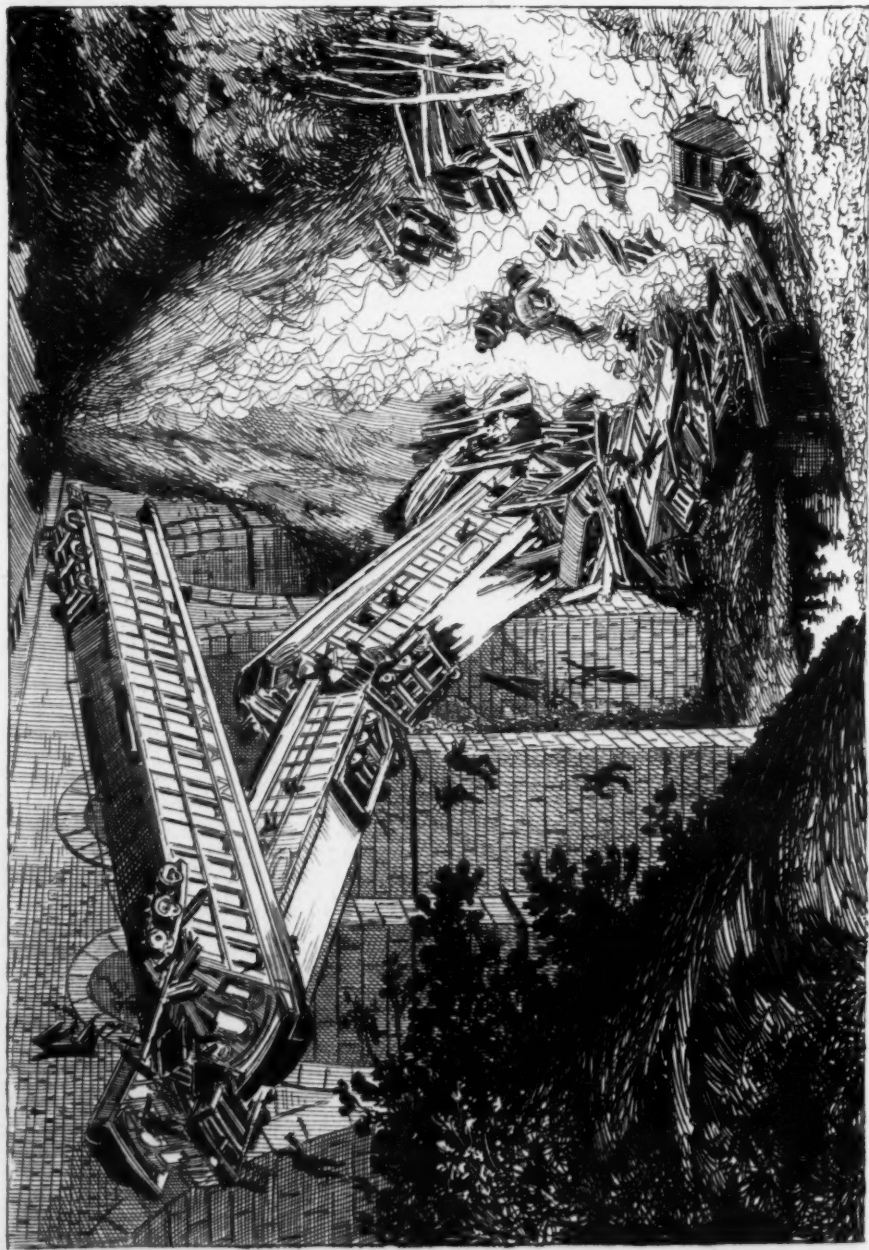
"W. F. E.," of St. Louis, writes about the Fraternity of Financial Co-operation. He says (and I want my readers to note this dodge) that he took a certificate in the order and was promised \$150 in four months, if he would bring in five good members inside of four weeks from the date of his certificate. He brought in five members, and received \$98 instead of the promised \$150. Now he is anxious about the five members he brought in. When their certificates became due they were not paid but transferred to the Star Tontine Association of Philadelphia, which promises to pay \$100 at the end of a year and gives to the new members a credit for only \$9 of the \$37 they had paid into the Fraternity of Financial Co-operation. "W. F. E." wants information regarding the financial standing of the Star Tontine Association.—Ans. Is it possible that any sensible reader of these columns could be misled as "W. F. E." has been? I have advised against such bond schemes, and I still continue that advice. A dispatch from West Virginia says that suit has been brought for \$4,000 against the Fraternity of Financial Co-operation, that no charter was ever issued by West Virginia to that concern and its papers are believed to be fraudulent. If the concern is fraudulent I should seriously suspect any other concern of a like character that undertook to insure its risks.

"D. C. B.," of Culbertson, Neb., asks regarding the Order of *Juno*.—Ans.—I know nothing about this order. It certainly does no business in this State, and I suspect it may be one of the numerous bond schemes. If so, I would have nothing to do with it.

"J. C. R.," of *Coeur d'Alene*, wants information regarding the National Loan and Investment Company, of Detroit and asks what a workman with \$10 per month savings should do.—Ans. I don't think I would put it into any loan and investment company. Put it in the savings bank, where you will be sure of your interest and as soon as it is large enough loan it out yourself on good security. Loans in Idaho, I have heard, can be made at from eight to twelve per cent. interest, and on good security. Why should not "J. C. R." do a little banking business on his own hook, even if his capital is small?

"C. J. C.," of Greenville, Mich., asks my choice between the National Life of Vermont and the Mutual Life of New York.—Ans. I should prefer the latter as a larger and stronger company.

The Hermit.

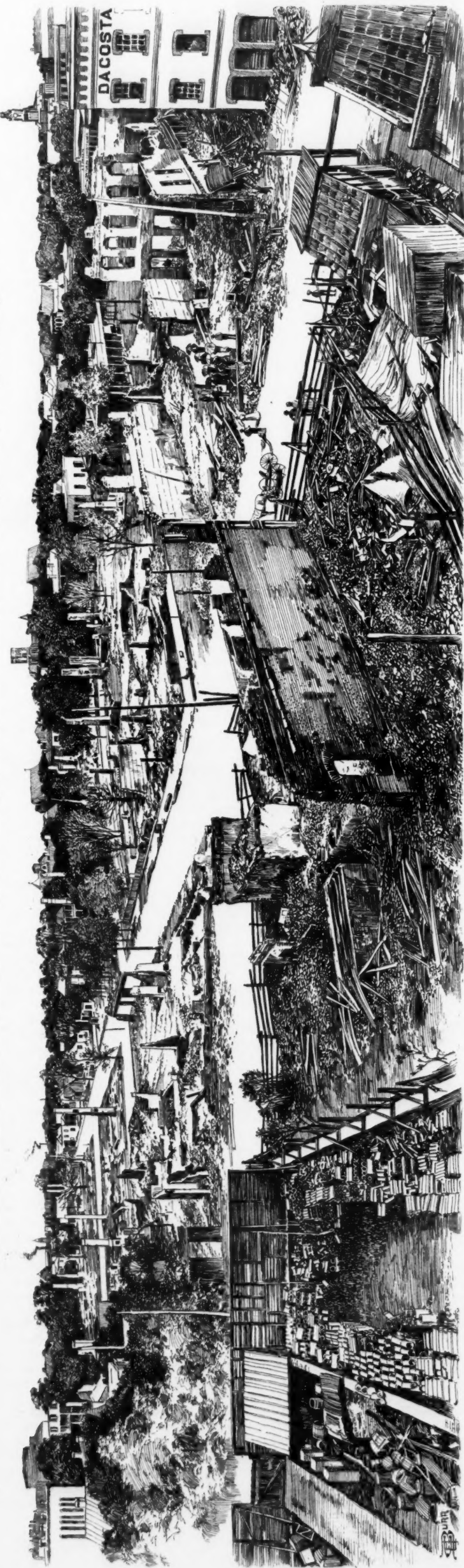


THE SCENE AT THE MOMENT OF THE DISASTER.

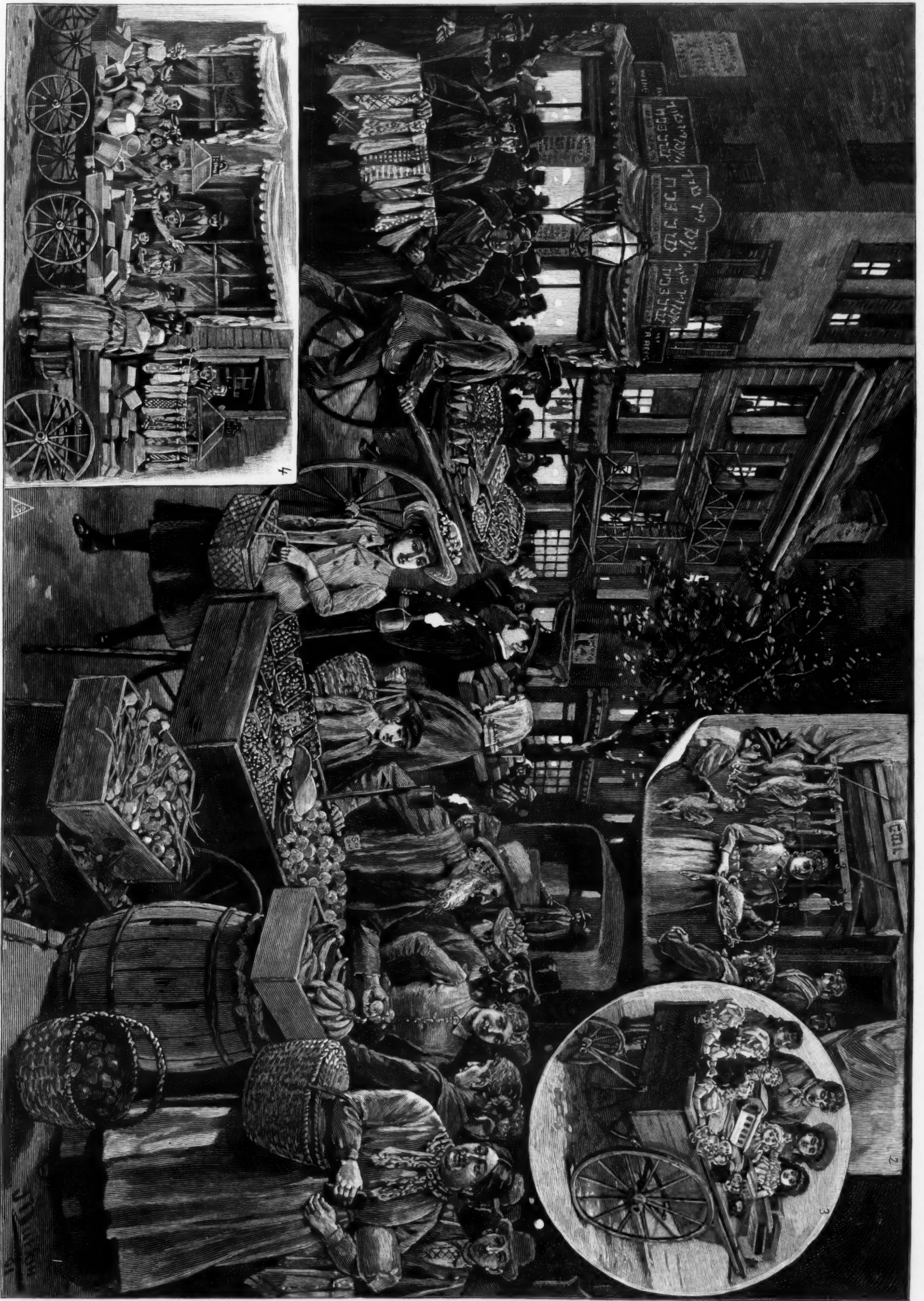
THE RECENT TERRIBLE RAILROAD ACCIDENT AT BOSTON'S BRIDGE, NORTH CAROLINA.—PHOTOS BY J. H. VAN NESA, CHARLOTTE, N. C.—[SEE PAGE 90.]



THE SCENE AT THE BRIDGE AFTER THE DISASTER.



FLORIDA.—RUINS OF THE RECENT DISASTROUS FIRE AT JACKSONVILLE, BY WHICH AN ENTIRE SQUARE WAS DEVASTATED.—PHOTO BY WILLIAM SHAW.—[SEE PAGE 94.]



1. Corner of Essex and Hester Streets on Thursday night. 2. Selling poultry killed by the Rabbi. 3. A doll and toy vendor. 4. Push-cart merchants. MARKET NIGHT IN THE JEWISH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.—FROM A DRAWING BY DUKINS.—[SEE PAGE 94.]

WALL STREET.—CONFIDENCE RETURNING.

I HAVE said repeatedly of late that every sign in the heavens indicated a bull market before the close of the year and that the only drawback to a general advance lay in the fear regarding the money question. My readers will, perhaps, have noted that immediately after President Harrison made his speech at Albany, N. Y., which was accepted in Wall Street as a public proclamation of his intention to oppose free and unlimited coinage of silver and a debasement of our currency, that very moment the stock market assumed a buoyant air and prices began to mount higher and higher from day to day, with scarcely a reactionary interval.

It is as clear as daylight that the danger-line has been passed. Our crops are for the most part, excepting corn, securely harvested. We know that we shall have a large excess of wheat, corn and other products for export. We know that the demand for this excess will be unusually large, as other nations must have these products. Every dollar they send us is a dollar added to our domestic wealth, an increase of just so much to our circulating currency. It is not like taking a dollar from the East and giving it to the West. It is like digging it from the earth. It is adding to existing wealth. It will go into the hands of the farmers and of the workingmen; it will pass from them into the hands of the storekeepers and from them to the manufacturers, and unless all signs fail we are on the eve of one of the best business years we have had in a decade—perhaps in twenty years.

The market may have reactions but the undertone is exceedingly strong and I repeat my advice to those who have the means to pay for what they purchase to go into the market and buy low-priced bonds and lay them away for a good profit before the year is out. I do not believe in speculation but money put into low-priced bonds or into dividend-paying stocks at present prices will, I believe, be an investment and not a speculation.

Jasper:—Will you please answer in next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED when the interest on West Shore 4's and Lehigh Valley 4½ bonds are paid, quarterly or semi-annually, and when? By so doing oblige
Very respectfully,
J. H. C.
CRANBURY, N. J., August 27th, 1891.

Ans.—The interest on both the West Shore and Lehigh Valley bonds is paid semi-annually on the first of January and the first of July.

To Jasper:—What does the reorganization of the Lead Trust mean? Would you buy it at present prices?
HARRY L.
ST. LOUIS, September 1st.

Ans.—The reorganization of the Lead Trust means that the water has been partly squeezed out of it. The capital stock has been reduced and divided into \$15,000,000 cumulative seven per cent, preferred and \$15,000,000 common stock; it is also provided that there shall be \$3,000,000 six per cent, debenture bonds. These bonds will really stand as first preferred stock, as the interest on them will have to be paid before any dividends will be paid on the capital stock. The Lead Trust has been altogether in the hands of speculative managers and I have therefore advised my readers to keep away from it because they were at the mercy of its manipulators.

For the same reason I have opposed investment in Sugar Trust securities and several other of what are known as the "industrial securities." It is given out on Wall Street that all of these low-priced industrials, like Lead Trust, Linseed Oil and Cotton-seed Oil, are shortly to have a decided rise. I give this rumor for what it is worth. If the market advances, everything will advance with it. My preference would be for some of the cheaper railroad securities or for something low-priced that pays dividends, like Chicago Gas, but that, too, is not yet out of all its legal difficulties.

To Jasper:—Do you think the present rise will continue? Is it not owing to the short interest which has accumulated?
BEAR.
BOSTON, MASS., August 28th.

Ans.—I have no doubt that the large short interest had a good deal to do with starting the upward movement, but I have given my reasons for thinking there is a good bottom to it. It stands on an excellent foundation. Within a month or six weeks we shall probably begin to import gold, and every importation of this kind will be a stimulus to the bulls. On the basis of higher prices and better times the market ought to rise and I think it is rising on that basis. It may have reactions. It looks to me as if foreign buyers and domestic investors had laid in a large line of stocks and are now willing to see a substantial rise.

Jasper:—Don't you think that Pacific Mail will be a dividend-payer soon? With \$900,000 net earnings and a subsidy from the Government the stockholders ought to get something.
ADMIRER.
NEW YORK, August 31st.

Ans.—I have heard so often that Pacific Mail was on the verge of paying dividends and so often, on the other hand, that it was on the verge of ruin, that I am afraid to make any prediction regarding it. Still, I think it is in a better condition now than it has been and that it has been selling at rather a low price. It is intensely speculative, however, and if it starts to rise is apt to go very quickly.

Jasper:—Will you please answer through the column of your paper whether you would consider the eight per cent, preferred stock of the Demorest Sewing Machine and Publishing Company a safe investment.
ELDORA, IA., August 24th, 1891.
E. D. R.

Ans.—I hardly would in view of the fact that the company has just gone into the hands of a receiver.

Jasper:—Will you kindly state through your column in LESLIE'S what has caused the decline in American Bell Telephone stock, which, though gradual, appears to be continual? The stock pays eighteen per cent. (at par) and has for several years, and ought, it seems to me, to be worth nearer 300 than 175.
MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., August 28th, 1891.
CONSTANT READER.

Ans.—Bell Telephone stock has no doubt declined because the time of the expiration of the patents is approaching. While some of the patents will not run out in years, there are signs that the business will cease to be a monopoly before long.

Jasper:—(1) Please advise me what you think of Oregon Railway and Navigation stock as an investment, as I notice that they have been paying six per cent. a year on the stock. (2) Do you think Wheeling and Lake Erie preferred stock a good investment? I think they have increased their dividend to five per cent. a year. (3) Please advise me what railroad bonds between 60 and 80 that you think would be a good investment.
Yours truly,
I. E. P.
OSWEGO, N. Y., August 30th, 1891.

Ans.—(1) Oregon Railway and Navigation stock is not considered "first-class" by men who are well-advised. At the same time, if the market continues to rise, no doubt it will move upward. (2) I would much prefer investment in Wheeling and Lake Erie preferred. This concern is doing an excellent business and does not hesitate to make regular reports of its earnings.

ings. (3) Bonds that are highly commended as an excellent investment are numerous. I hear specially good reports about Rio Grande Westerns at about 75 or 76, Kansas and Texas 4's at 77 or 78, and Atchison 4's around 80; and I am told that the bonds of the Tennessee Coal and Iron 6's, Tennessee division, selling at about 85, are gilt-edged and very cheap. They sold up to 103 before the great decline in the market. There are a number of choice bonds selling considerably higher and there are some in the shape of income bonds selling much lower, which offer great opportunities for speculation on a rising market.

Jasper

A SUCCESSFUL WAR DRAMA.

"A FAIR REBEL," which has been running so successfully at the Fourteenth Street Theatre in New York, is one of the best of what are known as the "war dramas." We present



MATRIE PIKE AS "WILL BRONSON."

an excellent picture of Mr. Maurice Pike, who plays the part of Will Bronson, and also a picture of Miss Leslie Tillson, who plays the part of Margaretta Wyeth. Both these characters are of the most eccentric kind, and both are taken with consummate



MISS LESLIE TILLSON AS "MARGARETTA WYETH."

ability. The play is cast with great care and the scenic effects are excellent. It is safe to say that "A Fair Rebel" will have a season of unintermitting success.

A FRIGHTFUL RAILROAD ACCIDENT IN NORTH CAROLINA.

THE railroad wreck at Boston's Bridge, near Statesville, North Carolina, early on the morning of August 27th, of which we print illustrations on page 88, from photographs taken specially for us by J. H. Van Ness, of Charlotte, N. C., is said to have been the most terrible railroad casualty that has ever happened in that State. The bridge is a solid stone structure ninety feet high. The accident was caused by the spreading of the rails midway across the bridge and the entire train, consisting of a baggage and mail car, first and second-class coaches, a Pullman sleeper and a private car, shot from the bridge into the horrible abyss below. The loss of life is over twenty.

It is noteworthy that the Pullman sleeper was completely wrecked and not a soul came out of it alive. This is an extraordinary statement, as the enormous strength of the Pullman cars usually gives the passengers greater safety than is to be had in the ordinary passenger coaches. The fact that the rails spread indicates either that the track was not in good condition or that the train was too heavy for the road. In either event a lack

of precaution seems obviously to have existed. In that case the responsibility can be easily placed. There should be no hesitation in doing so.

Attention was recently called in these columns to the fact that in late years the rolling stock of our railways has been very largely increased in weight. The same fact has been called to public attention in England and, as a result, a general effort is being made to strengthen bridges and embankments so as to meet the demands of the situation. Railways have mostly been constructed to meet the requirements of a lighter traffic and of a lighter equipment and, as the weight of trains has been increased, sufficient attention has not been paid to the necessity of strengthening bridges, increasing the weight of rails and making the road-bed more suitable for heavy traffic. This is a matter that the railway commissioners of the various States should not hesitate to carefully scrutinize.

THE CHILIAN INSURRECTION.

THE last days of August witnessed the end of the Chilean civil war. The army of President Balmaceda was defeated by the insurgent troops in several sanguinary battles, and the Congress party, as the insurgents call themselves, have occupied the cities of Santiago and Valparaiso, Balmaceda's stronghold. President Balmaceda having formally abdicated and his whereabouts at present being unknown, a provisional president has been placed at the head of the government by the Congressional party. For a time after their occupation, the cities of Valparaiso and Santiago were scenes of great disorder, but quiet has been at length established.

Señor Balmaceda was elected president in September, 1886, after having been a deputy, senator, and chief minister; an able politician, he rallied around him all the factions of the Liberal party and conducted a successful administration until the question of selecting his successor brought discord into the ranks of the Liberals. In January, 1890, President Balmaceda dismissed the Cabinet, which enjoyed the confidence of the Chambers, and surrounded himself with more determined men, who would follow him to the end in a campaign against Congress. In July, 1890, the financial supplies at the disposal of the administration were exhausted and the Chambers refused by a majority of three-fourths to authorize the collection of revenues until a Cabinet in accord with them should be appointed. Balmaceda deferred to the demands of Congress and for the next six months peace was restored; then the new ministry resigned and the president, having recalled to his service his former accomplices, proclaimed the close of the session of Congress, to escape impeachment. This was the signal for revolution. The greater part of the navy revolted against the Government and recognized the Congressional party, while the army remained loyal to the president. The war between the two parties has been waged with varying fortunes until Balmaceda's forces were finally defeated in the battles of Concon and Placila.

We give a number of pictures illustrative of Santiago and Valparaiso, and also a portrait of President Balmaceda.

PROFESSOR TOTTEN AND THE MILLENNIUM.

AMONG the comments received on Professor Totten's articles we have an extended one from "O. P. F." of Poughkeepsie, and one from a gentleman of Butler, Mo., both of which are hardly useful for publication, and for which we cannot find room. We have also a communication entitled "Prophetic Times," which we print herewith.

PROPHETIC TIMES.

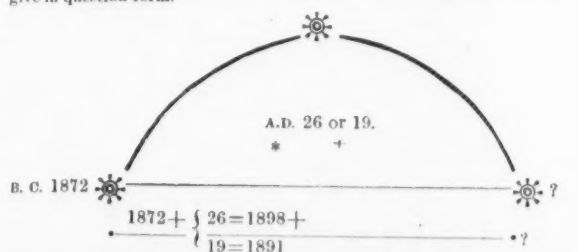
To the Editor:—What I have to say on them will be simple and plain. Having read the lectures of Professor C. A. L. Totten, of Yale College, and finding myself strangely in harmony with him from an entirely different standpoint, I wish to confirm his conclusions in such a manner no one can fail to understand my reasons. Professor Totten is a profound scholar and writes for the learned. I write for the common people and the children. Set times for the day or year of the Second Advent have come into disrepute and justly so. But one event at least has a "set time." "Thou shalt arise and have mercy on Zion, for the time to favor her, yea, the set time is come, for thy servants take pleasure in her stones and favor the dust thereof." (Ps. cli. 13.) It is in this set time all my prophetic periods focus. That of which I write is due before—the gospel of the kingdom which I boldly assert has not yet been preached. My reasons are:

1st. It is not due until that "set time" which points to the removal of Israel's blindness and the rebuilding of Jerusalem. If any doubt this assertion let them compare Ps. cli., 13-16 with Luke xli., 24, Rom. xi., 25, 26, and Acts xv., 14-16.

2d. No reason for the latter event would warrant its necessity until the last two years. Now 2,000,000 of outcast Jews denied a home in all nations except our own and England (and these national invitations are doubtful), make that reason urgent. And

3d. The gospel supper must precede that event, to prepare their way. No invitation corresponding to a very enticing supper has yet been given, requiring those who attend to leave worldly business. It is to show that such a gospel is now due I give my first diagram. Before doing so I wish to add that the failure of the religious press and the pulpit to connect these two events causes me to wonder, and I must speak.

The most stupendous event of the world's history is now due and will only be exceeded by the Second Advent itself. This is shown in the diagram of the gospel day given below and which, lest I appear dogmatic, I give in question form.



Will some bright little fellow of six tell me when it will be sunset? Since dinner was refused and "Ephraim feeds on wind," we may expect an early supper. I mean what I say. The people are hungry for the gospel of the kingdom which the Saviour gave to the poor. His dinner, received by them but rejected by the rich and great (Matt. xxii., 4-7), began in the temple, when he preached "the acceptable year of the Lord," A. D. 26. John the Baptist gave the first invitation, preaching time. The kingdom of heaven is at hand. Repent and believe the gospel." This gospel was first preached to Abraham. Jesus said, "Abraham rejoiced to see my day." When? B. C. 1872, when he received Isaac from the dead "in a figure." He received at that time a promise from God made under oath which Paul says was the gospel, and an anchor to the soul. (Gal. iii., 8, Heb. 6.) Here, then, I begin the gospel day. Morning A. D. 1872. Noon 1872 + 26, giving 1898 by the common chronology or by Professor Totten's data, based on astronomy, and which I believe to be correct, noon comes in A. D. 19, bringing sunset in 1891 or the present Jewish year and the call to supper is now due and when given it will be a blessing to the poor, the widow and the fatherless, and all who will come. Should any one doubt, please compare Ps. lxxviii., 4-11 with Luke xiv., 16-24. I have much more to give pointing to the same event and explaining what that gospel is.
COLUMBUS JUNCTION, IOWA.
W. ELLSWORTH.

THE PRINCE OF THE RED DESERT.

A TALE OF AUSTRALIAN DISCOVERY.

By ZADEL BARNES GUSTAFSON.



IT was on a mild morning in March, when the warm north winds were blowing inland from the Indian Ocean, that I first saw Jungun, the Prince of the Red Desert; not in the shade of his native Perigul trees in untraversable realms of sand, but on the stage of the Bourke Street Wax-works, in the heart of "Marvelous" Melbourne. His squatting, gold-bronze figure was flanked on either side by a woolly-headed, coal-black native of his own tribe. The three were making the *tab-bee*, the strange music of the *irghilly*, beating its two blades together rhythmically, rocking to and fro on their haunches, ankles crossed, and singing a low rolling hum in chromatics—the whole extremely simple, of curious emphasis, and haunting effect.

THE SONG OF THE RED DESERT'S SON.*

Yah-nan-nan! Yah-nan-nan! Yo-erree-ee!

O'er the shimmering sands,
By the feet and the hands
To the Perigul Tree! (1)

Yah-nan-nan! Yo-erree-ee! Yah-nan-nan-ee!

The seeds they are sweet,
And the shade—from the heat—
Of the Perigul Tree!

Yah-nan-nan-oo! Yah-nan-nan-ee!

Yo-erree-nan-an-an! Yo-erree-ee!

Yah-nan-nan! Yah-err-ree! Yo-nan-nan-ah!

The hawk's wing is sheen, (2)
The millink is keen—(3)
Where the red deserts are!

Yah-nan-nan! Yah-err-ree! Yo-nan-nan-ah!

And hoarse is the moan—
When the *irghilly*'s thrown—(4)
Of the wild mooyunkarr. (5)

Yah-nan-nan-oo! Yah-nan-nan-ah!

Yah-erree-oo-an-an! Yah-arra-nah!

Yah-erree-Ma-er-oo! Yo-nan-nan-ah!

The Red Desert's Son,
He fears only one—
The Maeroo, near or far! (6)

Yah-erree-yah-nan-nan! Ma-er-oo-nah!

Love lendeth no light
To his feast or his fight
Twixt the Sand and the Star!

Yah-nan-nan-oo! Ma-er-oo-nah!

Yah-erree! Ma-er-oo! Yarra-nan-ah!

When called to me by his discoverer, Mr. Alexander McPhee, Jungun came at once, dropping the *irghilly*, rising lightly, leaping to the floor and reaching us without the sound of a footfall, and then I saw that the faint mist I had noticed surrounding his body was a natural garment of almost silver-white hair about half an inch in length.

Sprung from a race of primeval blackness, its habitat the sun-baked sand wastes of western Australia, how came Jungun by his complexion of the hue of old-gold scumbled with a coppery gloss, no darker than many an Englishman has received from the East Indian sun; by his brows, like those of the ancient Greek models of Jove, hanging over eyes of a bovine mildness, of the color of the darkest veins in the chestnut's ruddy shuck, and giving an abiding majesty to features otherwise undeniably of the aboriginal type? And whence got he the red-brown beard and the spun-gold mane, wreathing his anomalous head and face, and falling to his shoulders in thick, virile waves?

So far as I know it, this is the story of Jungun:

For the last seven of his thirty years of life, Mr. Alexander McPhee, lineal Scotsman, but Australian born, has been the manager of what is known as the Ninety-mile Beach Station, at La Grange Bay, West Australia. One April day, in 1889, some wild natives found their way for the first time from the bush into this station, and seemed much excited on seeing the freckled, sandy-haired, well-tanned blonde. McPhee, who is not a man of letters, has yet learned the Australian aboriginal tongues so well that he can talk with any class of the natives, and interpret between tribes who do not at all understand each other. From these wild men he drew, in explanation of their amazement, that they had never seen a white man but once, and that was one who had come to them from far away among the blacks, to a *corroborree* two moons before, and for some reason this second seeing of a white man seemed more to astonish them than the first. A *corroborree* is a combination of dance, song, and feast, sometimes preceded, sometimes followed by an organized fight or a general scrimmage. The dance is similar to the Maori dance called the *haka*, and the whole is a carnival common to the natives all over Australia, it being their method for expressing satisfaction at an expected or transpired event, or for the general relief of untranslatable savage emotions.

After closely questioning the savages, McPhee thought it possible that some white man or his descendant might actually be existing among the desert tribes. To settle his doubts would lead McPhee through not only certain dangers by the way, but into the overwhelming heat and dearth of the red deserts.

* (1) Perigul tree—a growth of the West Australian desert.

(2) A crest of hawk's plumes is worn by the natives in battle.

(3) *Millink*—the name of their battle spear.

(4) The "*irghilly*"—an instrument in two pieces used in music and for fighting.

In the poem, "Song of the Red Desert's Son," written for this article, I have endeavored, in the italicized lines—and it seems to me successfully—to render, in idea at least, the rolling, vowel, staccato hum of the language used by the desert blacks when accompanying the making of the "*tab-bee*," which I heard only once but listened to with intense attention; and to embody within this melodic syllabary, in terse English verse, some conception of the tribe's desert home, their fear of God as the baleful "*Ma-er-oo*" (6), the tattoo of the "*irghilly*," and the wind-like whirl of the "*Mooyunkarr*" (5), which they sound for weddings, for death, for warnings, and for war. The song has been set to artistically apposite music by Mr. Wald Barnes.

Nevertheless, he made up his expedition, taking six horses, one of them to be the water-bag carrier; a repeating rifle and two revolvers for his own use, and a revolver each for his companions, Bunga and Yuarrick, two young natives black as coal, who had been coastal boys, pearl-divers, and "knock-about hands" in general stock service. Often employed by McPhee, they had conceived a strong affection for him, and had for some time been self-constituted his body-guard, a feat invaluable to McPhee in the present undertaking, as they were not only brave, loyal fellows, but good scouts, and trained in the qualities on trail for which the Australian black tracker is so noted.

Going inland from Yinnerdong, the little party made one hundred and fifty miles through country trod only by one other European, Julius Brockman—who had at this limit been driven back by thirst—and still not until two hundred and seventy miles had been traversed did any tangible rumor of "the white man" come to encourage McPhee in a quest more arduous than any but a bushman—a civilized bushman at that—could comprehend.

But now reports thickened, and when, in all, three hundred miles were made he came upon the tribe in a torrid desert place, where the sand gave forth, instead of grass, obstructing patches, most difficult to move in, of a low, spikey scrub called *spinnifex*. There were no huts, no dwellings of any kind, and but one condition—existence! The tribe fed on snakes, guanas, and a kind of wild rats which herd in packs between the sand furrows, and upon the seeds of the Perigul tree, of which they are specially fond. They drank from what appeared to be naturally hollowed stone tanks, holding such rain as chanced to fall, and from occasional springs. In the hottest season they stretched themselves for the night like lizards along the limbs of the perigul and other trees, but generally slumbered half buried in the sand.

In this particular camp there were only about forty of a tribe numbering by their own account upwards of six hundred. And now, as McPhee came forward, a wonderful reward for his faith and the hardships of his toilsome march met him, when forth from his black people stepped the golden-haired Jungun, he whom, though but as any one of his tribe in their eyes, I have chosen, not unwarrantably, to call—The Prince of the Red Desert! A savage, indeed, with the habits, the heredity, and the ineffaceable stamp of the wilderness upon him, but a man with a head more commanding than rests on the shoulders of any known savage king, or of most European potentates; and with brows and temples of a model to match with any in the deliberative conclaves of the civilized world.

In "Nauagamont," the language of this tribe, McPhee questioned its various members as to whether they had ever seen or known of a white man like himself, and in each instance was answered in the most emphatic Nauagamont for "No; never!" Examination into the character and habits of the tribe revealed many interesting peculiarities. Among these are certain rigidly observed genealogical instincts which might with benefit be grafted upon the royal family politics of Europe. For instance, in every tribal *locus* they congregate in a "linga," or community of four tribes, the Khyrna, the Birgherie, the Boronung, and the Banak. Between these four tribes there is a consanguinity being constantly produced, and yet constantly being eliminated, modified, and differentiated by their law that no one of these four tribes may marry within her or his group, but only with a member of some other group in the same "linga." Jungun is a Birgherie—his father was a Banak—and he may not wed or have anything to do with a Birgherie woman, no matter how much they might like each other. But he may wed with a Khyrna woman, who would in her turn be the daughter of a Boronung father, who in his turn must have sprung from a Banak father, and so on, in concentric but also in eccentric circles, the name of the father determining the tribal distinction of the child. When they do marry they may take two or three wives, and as they are kindly and indolent people, living merely to live, quarrels but seldom arise, and then are generally based on the stealing or coveting of these wives.

At the age of fifteen or sixteen the boys are lacerated (see the seams in Jungun's breast) and turned loose into the "bush" to take care of themselves. If they manage to do this and return in good condition after an absence sufficient to have been a real test, they are received as men, and a *corroborree* is held to celebrate this queer method of coming of age. If they are bitten by snakes, or if there is a death, they resort to one and the same remedy—that of self blood-letting by ugly cuts and slashes.

The war gear of these tribes consists of a tuft of hawk's feathers confined over the forehead by a fillet of rat's fur fastened at the back of the head by a staff of bone or wood; plumes of the emu bound to the arms so as to rise in bunches from the shoulders; a bar through the nose; a short loin-cloth; the *garben* or shield; the *dahlee* or short club; the *millink* or spear; the *irghilly*, composed of two curved wooden instruments, sometimes called boomerangs, with which they make the *tab-bee* music, and which they are said to have a skill in throwing so that they will round in the air and return to them; and the *mooyunkarr*, a highly finished, slightly hollowed, hard, thin, elliptical strip of wood, which, rapidly whirled quasi-vertically at the end of a rope or thong, produces a marvelously melodious and stirring chordeo moan, like that of forest winds in council for a storm.

In battle, after clashing the *irghillies* sharply, they cast them at the foe, who hurl theirs in return, advancing the while swiftly, yet warily, behind their *garbens*. When the *irghillies* are exhausted they close together, thwacking one another over the head with the last of the *irghillies* and the doughty *dahlees*, and spearing at the legs and arms, but they must not touch each other's bodies, or the tribe will interfere; and, warring under this restriction, they comparatively seldom kill one another.

They hunt all the year round, but not providently, only for immediate needs, and take absolutely no thought for the morrow. They have a vague idea of a Supreme Being, defined only in that it is an idea of fear, not of love.

In burials the bodies of the young men are laid on their sides, doubled up, with a lot of *irghillies*, and the funeral group wave *irghillies* over the corpse during the ceremony, to keep the Great Spirit, the "*Ma-err-oo*," away. To the *Ma-err-oo* they attribute all ills, disease, disaster, death, and avoid all unhealthy localities, deeming that it is the more abundant presence of the *Ma-err-oo* which makes them malarious or pestilential!

To show how limited is the idea, how almost *nil* the development of social amenities among this people, a slight but suggestive instance will serve. I asked McPhee to say "thank you," for me, to Jungun, for the lock of his bright hair which he had permitted to be cut for me. McPhee hesitated, as if groping in some infrequently tried division of Nauagamont, then exclaimed, as if himself much struck by the fact: "Why, I cannot do it. They have no such word in their language—they have no such meaning!"

I have been assured that nothing of the foregoing details are to be had from books, McPhee being the only man who has ever penetrated to and returned from this drear region. Soon after his return to the station, McPhee arranged for and made a second trip, to see if Jungun's parents were really black, and found that, like the rest of the tribe, they and all his relations were so dark that soot would not show on them! Also, the parents most positively affirmed that Jungun, despite his white scalp, strange complexion, and brilliant hair, was really their own child. From this second trip McPhee brought Jungun with him to Perth, the West Australian capital, and there gained from the Board for the Protection of Aborigines—against whose rules it is to allow natives to be removed from the colony, in duration—a permit to exhibit Jungun and the two blacks, Bunga and Yuarrick, in Sydney and Melbourne, upon his deposit of £10 each for their safe return, and in case they were clearly willing to go. Bunga and Yuarrick were already devoted to McPhee, and Jungun was easily induced to leave his family and tribe; not from indifference, but from simplicity, trust in McPhee, and an unformed yet quite discernible impulse of enterprise, as distinct from the limited instincts of his tribe as are his skin and hair from theirs.

"You are very like me, you see," said McPhee to him, in his vovelly Nauagamont. "You are not black like your people, you are white like me; you had better come with me and see my people." Jungun lowered his mellow-brown eyes and studied the ground for a while; moved the pebbles gently with the toes of his right foot, then with the toes of his left, until they formed a little hill in the pathway; then he lifted his head, shaking back the phenomenal hair, and said, "Jungun will come!"

McPhee had assumed the entire expense and risk—involving not only the thirty-pound guarantee deposit, but the giving up of his station managership—of the dangerous task of finding and the dubious one of journeying with and exhibiting Jungun and his contrasting fellows, on the chance of being recouped by the curiosity or scientific ardor of a public perilously prone to strictly financial considerations. He was not a rich man, and on arriving in Melbourne he could not afford to take a big hall, issue eccentrically elegant circulars and placards and dainty cards of invitation, nor had he the address to flatteringly enlist at the outset the patronage of titled lord or lady, requisite for the successful "booming" of any personal enterprise in Melbourne. So he took his forest marvel to the Wax-works, not Jarley's, nor yet Tussaud's, but upon its own claims—barring the ante-eval nightly apparition of the glorious southern stars—"the oldest exhibition in the Southern Hemisphere." But academic science and art are wont to look askance—perchance not always wisely—on wax art and science, and their usual environment of tinsel ballets, jerky marionettes, and the gimerack history of "Horror Chambers," and for a time took small heed of Jungun's advent therein. Jack and Gill, Darby and Joan, and the laboring classes, whose child-like capacity for idealizing trick and tinsel has not been vitiated by luxurious habits, came to the museum and saw Jungun as they saw the rest of the show. Presently the professors of divinity, science, and medicine fell into the procession filing by Jungun, among them Dr. Brownlees, Chancellor of the Melbourne University, and the popular Rev. Dr. Llewellyn Bevan, who, having shaken his own beautiful white mane in front of Jungun's golden one, thought Jungun might possibly be a descendant of the loves of some lost white explorer and dusky aboriginal maid.

A clever writer in the Melbourne *Argus*, with a similar elasticity of speculation, asked: "Can any hope be born, any theory be started, from this Jungun? Though it may be sure that he was not begotten of any white man, may it not be possible that some ghastly tragedy in which a white man met his death may have exercised a pre-natal influence on him? May we not imagine some young black woman, to whom the white stranger had become dear, wedded unwooded in black-fellow fashion, and horribly shocked during her pregnancy by the white man's tragic end? The American philosopher works out some queer theories of this sort in his weird story of 'Elsie Venner.'"

For these romantic suppositions, there is the fact that Ludwig Leichardt's exploring expedition was trending that way when lost sight of over forty years ago (Jungun is supposed to be twenty-eight or thirty years old), disappearing tracelessly like one of those Australian rivers which "lose themselves in the desert, making no lake and joining no sea." But Leichardt's last known message to his kind were some marks on the trees along the Condamine River, far distant from the desert place of Jungun's nativity. There is also a vague tradition among the natives told to Jungun by a tribe yet further desert-centred to the effect that they had once come upon the bones of white men and horses. As the horse is unknown to that region, both men and horses must have been seen alive by the natives in some yet earlier period to enable them to even possess this tradition. Whether or not of Leichardt's party, these men and horses must have perished of thirst. The only Leichardt search-party, which set out in 1856, recoiled at a comparatively early stage before "the horror of the interminable red sand armed with the dagger-like spinnifex blades" and, to the strained eye, shaking like a rolling prairie in the glare and heat.

But the general conclusion reached concerning Jungun was that though the light skin and hair were unaccountable, a "freak of nature,"—phrase abhorrent alike to pure science and pure vision—he was undoubtedly an aboriginal. Perhaps the most noteworthy individual expression, not of prejudiced assurance but of enlightened perplexity, was made by Baron Sir Ferdinand von Mueller, government botanist and geologist, a language and race student, and the greatest savant of the Southern Hemisphere; a man as sincere and unpretentious and as ready to learn as he is learned. One day he went to the Wax-works and looked at Jungun with eyes that inclosed him from the surrounding whirling of wax and wire; eyes that have reverently read the secret of every



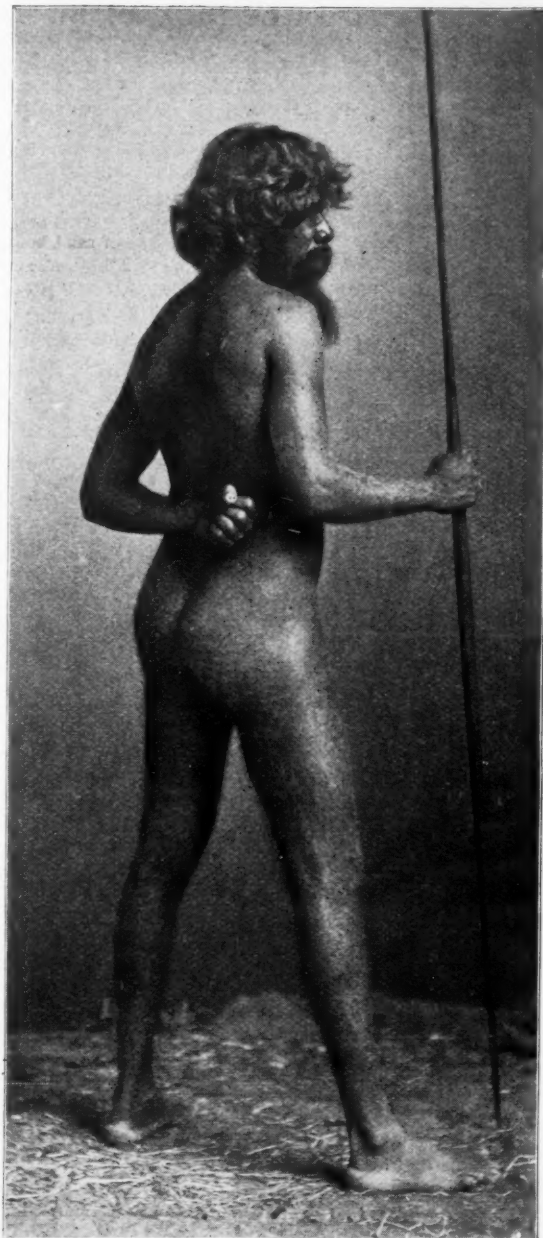
JUNGUN IN THE GARB OF CIVILIZATION.

lichen, fungus, and flower of the Southern world, and of the flora of the Euphrates and the Oregon as well; and he said: "This is a flower of the desert that I do not know."

Apart from the peculiarities of coloring and cranial mould there is in Jungun a well-defined difference from his fellows in a tone of mind, a certain positive receptivity to impressions, a comparative and correlative capacity more like our own, and foreign to that of the average aboriginal; evidenced in a mixed suggestiveness of physiognomy, in a composure that is not dullness, in poses and gestures so made of the natural and restrained as to indicate qualities beyond the character, customs, or

present development of his race; in the manifestations of feelings unfamiliar—at least as manifestations—to his tribe, but common and instinctive as breathing to the cultured—such as his daily asking after the health of McPhee, his unwillingness to return to his tribe, while evidently retaining friendly and even wistfully affectionate sentiments toward them, his desire to return and see his parents at intervals, but unequivocal election to forsake the bush and dwell with white men in some of the coastal stations—*unless this election should be vitally enlarged by some invitation from the Old and New Worlds above the Equator!*

And now for the transformation scene! No fairy tale is without one—and there is no fairy tale like that of discovery! One day Mr. J. W. Lindt, a Melbourne citizen, and author of "Picturesque New Guinea," to whom I introduced Jungun, and to whose artistic as well as mechanical skill my readers are indebted for the accompanying portraits of the Prince of the Red Desert, invited me to visit his new studio. So we rode out across the Yarra to Hawthorn, behind his Malay ponies from the Isle of Timour—round-bodied and brown-bodied as buns—whose thin, wand-like legs seemed fairly to twinkle as their small, clean hoofs lightly beat the ground with a springy, short "dig, dig," which got over the distance very fast. The walls of the studio were of woods, warm walnut brown at the base, steadily yellowing upward to a honey-colored ceil, and were decorated with arrows, bows, fishing-rods and tackle, fish-nets, stone axes, hammers, tomahawks, and swords; plumes, shells, bracelets, and necklets; mouth horrors with which to make the visage terrifying in battle; oars, very elegant in shape; knives with carved handles wrought with skill not inferior to that of ancient Egypt; on the gala shield the bill and eye of the parrot continually recurring; in the carving of the war-shields, the bird pursued by the alligator—and all this patience, precision, cunning, and device the workmanship of absolute savages! and the treasure-trove of Mr. Lindt, collected in his New Guinea explorations. After the publication of his "Picturesque New Guinea," brought out in London, a certain London firm, with colossal impudence, pilfered from it picture and text to make a rival work. Mr. Lindt went to London—and it is worth going to Australia to hear him tell how he pounced on, paralyzed, pulver—"but that," as Mr. Rudyard Kipling would say, "is another story." While I was admiring this beautiful studio, with its wealth of interesting, unfamiliar things made by an unfamiliar race, a *portière* at one end of the room was drawn aside and a gentleman entered, wearing a suit of dark-blue serge. His bearing was unassuming, and precisely what is meant in the best use of the word aristocratic. He carried his hat in one hand, on the little finger of which was a heavy seal ring. His hands were finely shaped, with flexible,



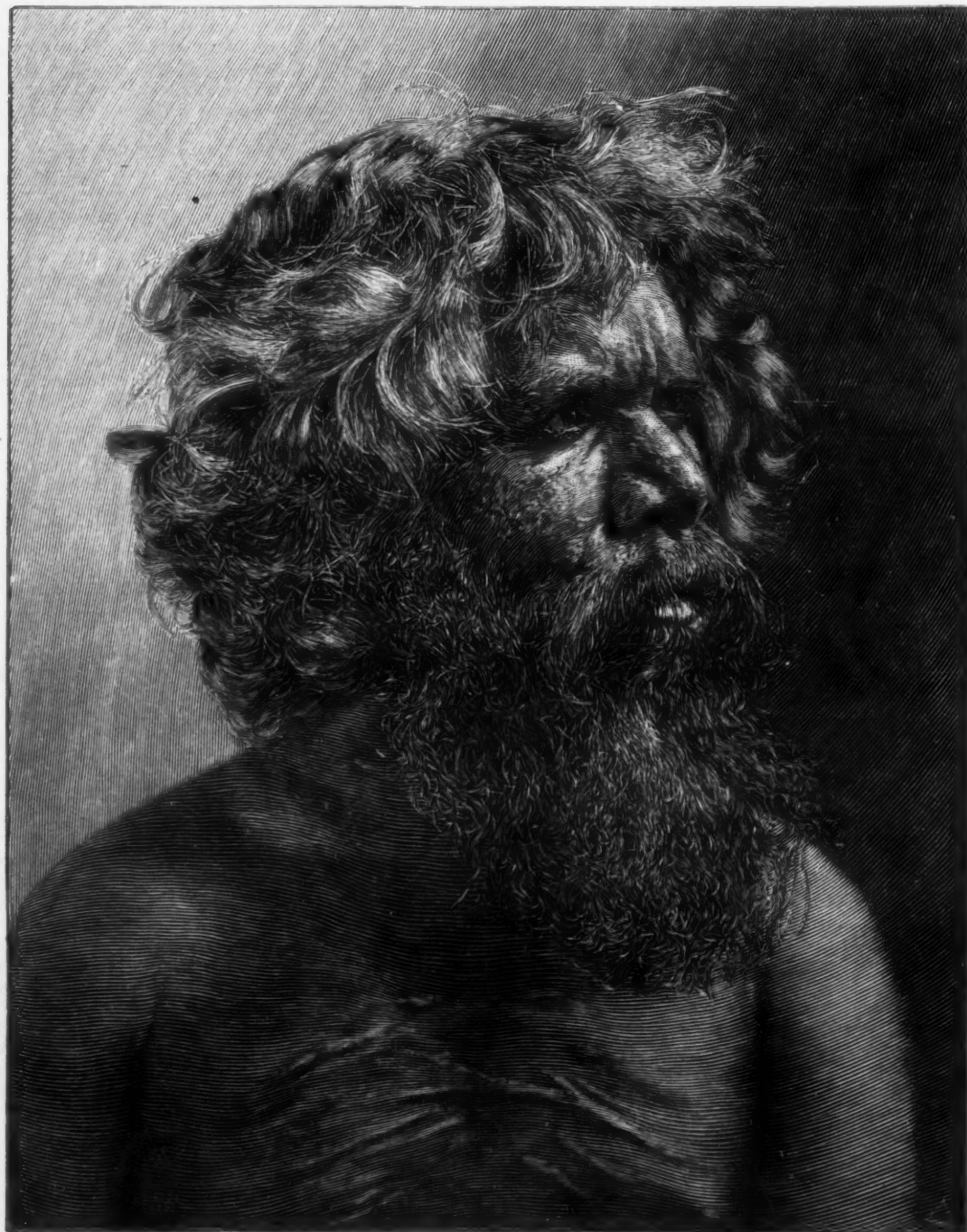
JUNGUN IN NATIVE ATTIRE.

slender, tapering fingers. He barely glanced at me, then turned his eyes to the curious things adorning the walls, and so stood leaning slightly on a cane. For ease of carriage he might have been an *habitué* of the European courts, except that ease so purely natural is rarely acquired, though it may be met with in them.

It was the Prince of the Red Desert!

I had myself arranged to have this transformation tried, but it then was, and even now in the memory is, an unsubiding surprise.

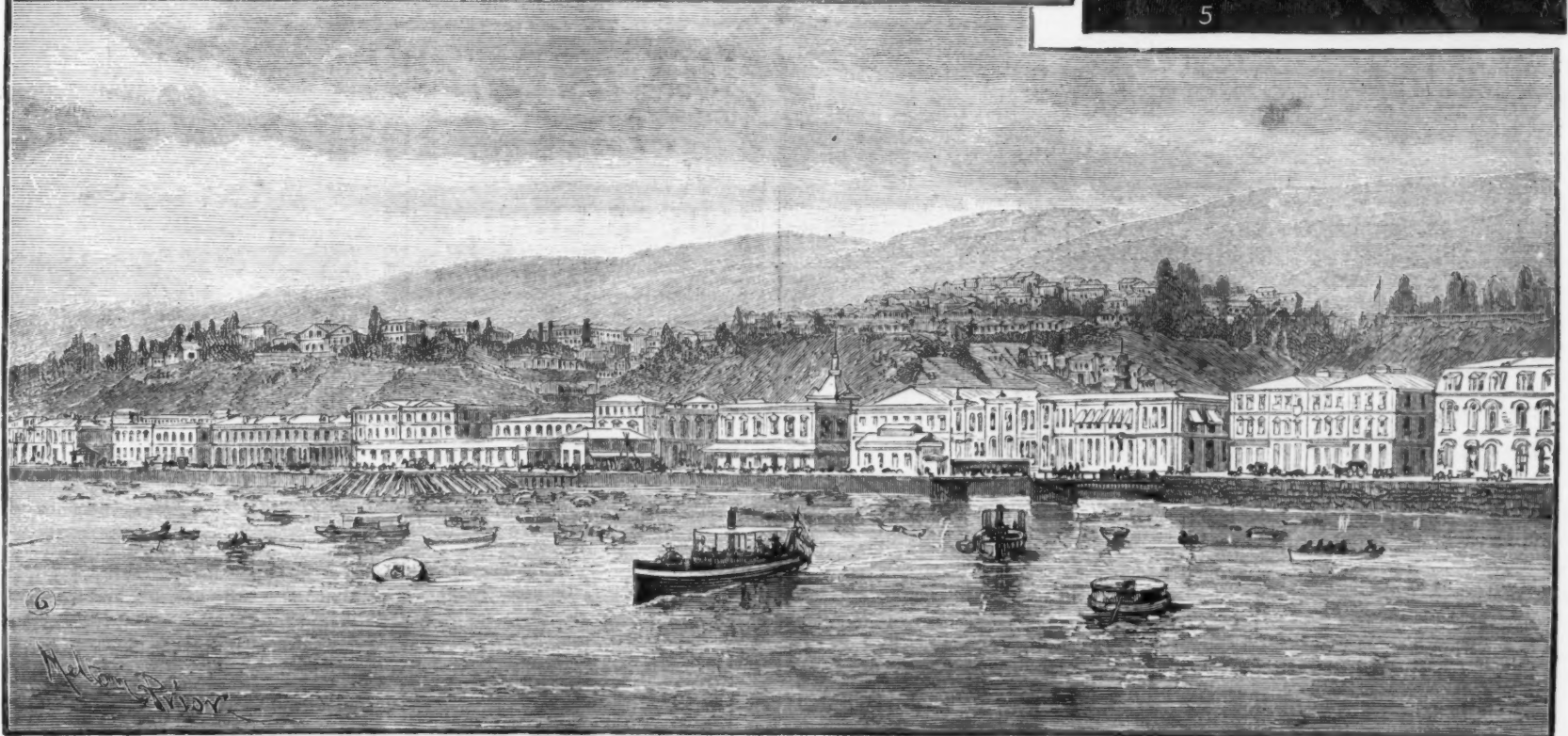
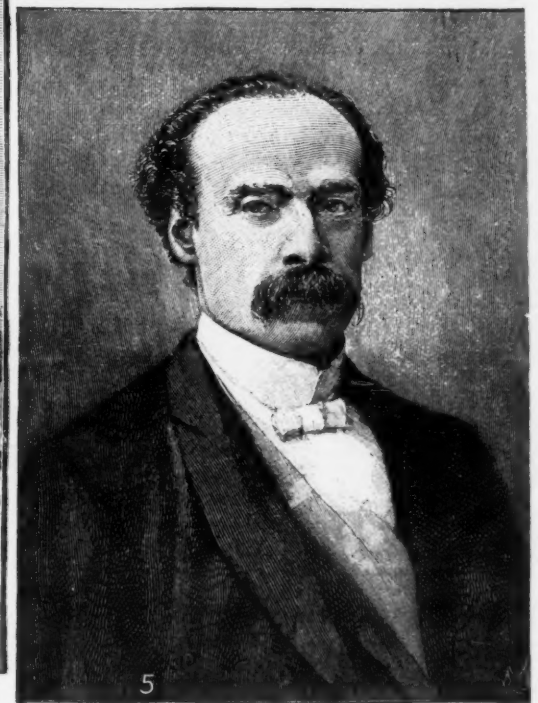
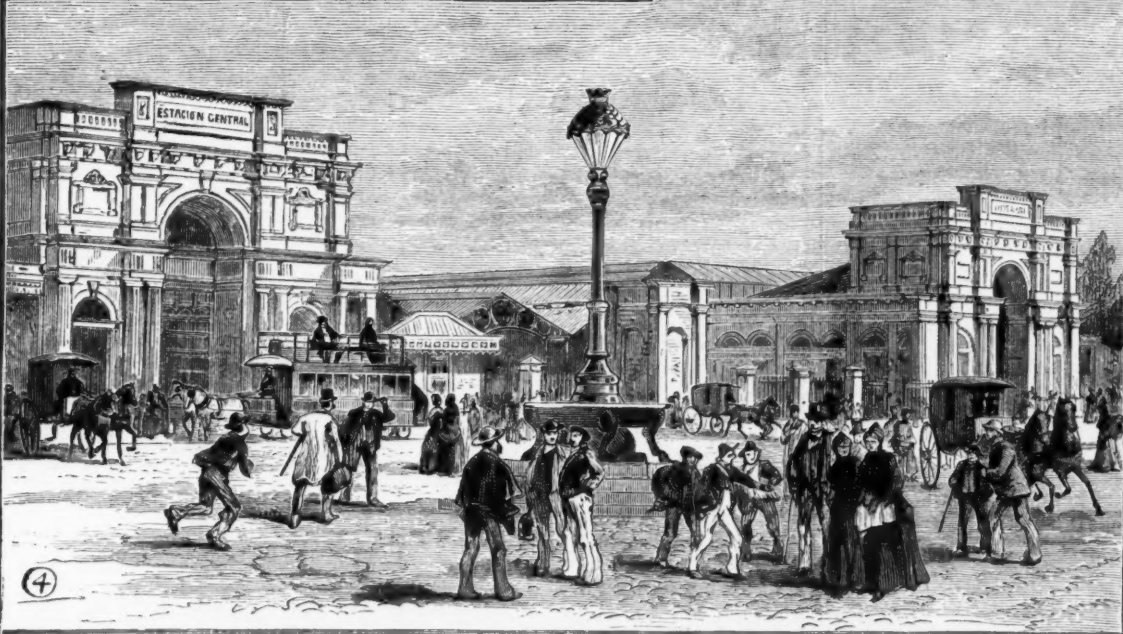
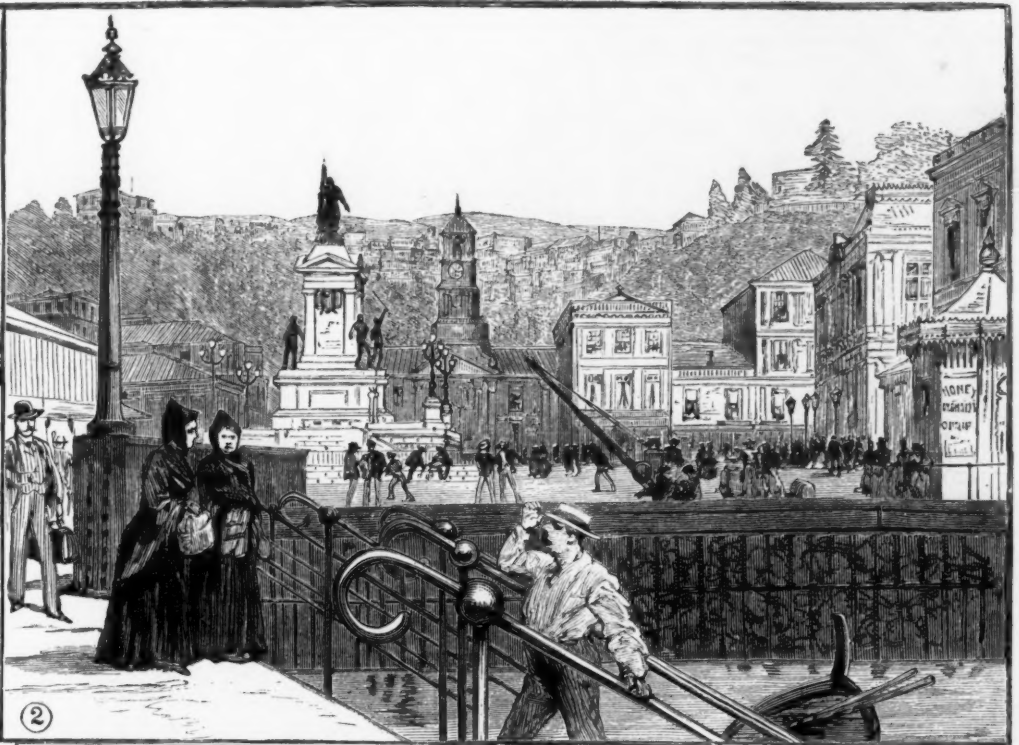
And at last, after all researching, guessing, doubting, and asserting, Jungun remains a secret, to us, as to himself. Yet as the existence of a secret, as such, involves its being held within some intelligence, it follows that the corporate secret called Jungun is known. Assuredly the Southern Cross knows it, for bright over the desert must have been that star-sown night in which so inexplicable a life had its beginning. But the Southern Cross can be trusted. It does not give; it keeps; and age by age into the illimitable, lightless depths of that aerial hollow in the heavens over which it keeps eternal guard, it gathers the one true history of this strange, time-worn austral land—a history that will never be written.



THE PRINCE JUNGUN, OF THE RED DESERT.
PHOTO BY J. W. LINDT, MELBOURNE.



JUNGUN.
PHOTO BY MARKS & CO., MELBOURNE.



1. FRUIT-SELLERS AT A RAILWAY STATION. 2. LANDING-PLACE, VALPARAISO. 3. COUNTRY TRAVELING CARRIAGE. 4. THE RAILWAY STATION AT SANTIAGO. 5. EX-PRESIDENT BALMACEDA. 6. VALPARAISO FROM THE SEA.

FUN.

"Oh, where are you going, my pretty maid?"
Then she shot him dead and quietly said:
"I'm going to head off that silly old rhyme."
So here it is for the very last time.

—Chicago Mail.

THERE are two classes of people who can get ready sleep—the man with an easy conscience and the man with no conscience at all.—Detroit Free Press.

MINNESOTA—"This dockyiment I just got from the White Caps reminds me of my barber." Stranger—"How so?" Minnesotan—"Why, it's a reg'lar blood-letter."—Boston Courier.

"JOHNNY, what are you going to do with that beetle?" "Do you see that glass of lemonade Sister Kate has just made?" "Yes." "Well, I do so love lemonade."—Epoch.

HORRIFIED PARENT—"And you dare to tell me that you kissed that young Hankinson last evening?" Weeping Daughter—"The — mean thing k-kissed me first!"—Chicago Tribune.

A PERSONALLY-CONDUCTED TOUR TO CRESSON VIA PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD.

THE attractive features of Cresson, located in the very heart of the Alleghany Mountains, are numerous and pleasing beyond description. It proudly boasts the purest spring-water in the world, and its high altitude commands for it every mountain breeze astr. One of the most noted hostleries in the Eastern States, the famous Mountain House, is located on the crown of the mountain here, around whose hospitable board have gathered the brightest intellectual lights America has produced. The Pennsylvania Railroad's personally-conducted tour there on August 27th was such a remarkable success that the Company now announces another for Thursday, September 3d.

Excursion tickets, including one day's board at the Mountain House, will be sold from New York at \$9.50, Philadelphia \$8.00, Baltimore \$8.00, Washington \$8.00, and at proportionately low rates from all principal stations on the Pennsylvania system east of Harrisburg. They will be valid for return for ten days. A special train will leave Philadelphia at 10:40 A. M., and tickets will be accepted for passage on all regular trains of the date named connecting with the special at Philadelphia or Harrisburg. It will possibly be the last tour of the season, and application for space and tickets on the special train should be made at once to Ticket Agents.

At the commencement of the present year the New York and Northern Railway Company, with a view to hastening the development of the country along its line, doubled its suburban train service, putting on numerous trains made up entirely of new equipment of the latest pattern and best build. These, together with a smooth and well-kept track, new and commodious station buildings, and a schedule so arranged as to meet the requirements of the early rising mechanic or the more leisurely business man as well as the shopping contingent traveling at a later hour, which, by the way, has grown to be an important item in the traffic of this line, connecting, as it does, with express trains of the Sixth and Ninth Avenue lines of the elevated railway, landing shoppers almost at the doors of the leading stores on the west side, furnish unsurpassed accommodations.

The result of these improvements is plainly apparent to all who travel over this line. Traffic has increased beyond the most sanguine expectations. Factories, business enterprises, dwellings, and whole towns have sprung into existence along the line as if by magic, reminding one of an old-fashioned Western boom, bringing joy to the heart of the real-estate speculator and proving a veritable bonanza to the investor.

These facts indicate a continued and increasing prosperity to this section of our suburban district, and are a clear evidence that the trend of the growth of New York is northward, and, in the near future, this section will be one of the great city's most populous and flourishing suburbs.

LEWIS G. TEWKSBURY, Banker, at 50 Broadway, New York, says: "The market maintains great strength under all the disquieting rumors. Croj prospects are bright and railroad earnings must improve."

ALL persons afflicted with dyspepsia find immediate relief by using Angostura Bitters.

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA, "THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds, all pains. 25 cents a bottle.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup

has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by druggists in every part of the world, twenty-five cents a bottle.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

CONSOLS HAVANA All Tobacco CIGARETTES THE VERY BEST.
Consolidated Cigarette Co. Ave. D & 10th St. New York

THE FUTURITY—A GREAT RACE.

THE race for the Futurity stakes at Sheepshead Bay, on Saturday, August 29th, was rendered especially attractive by the large number of entries and the closeness of the contest. The attendance was unusually large and the interest in the contest was exciting throughout. David Gideon's bay colt, His Highness, came out of the contest winner, carrying the top weight of 130 pounds and making the three-quarters of a mile in 1.15½, beating a field of twenty horses. This makes His Highness the best two-year-old on the American turf, for the present at least.

THE GREAT FIRE AT JACKSONVILLE, FLA.

WE present a picture to-day on page 88 of the desolation wrought by the great fire at Jacksonville, Fla., on August 18th, which was one of the most destructive fires on record in the State. A square of beautiful homes was destroyed and one of the most beautiful streets in the city—Main Street—was left a bed of ashes. We present a striking view of the ruins, taken expressly for FRANK LESLIE'S WEEKLY by William Shaw, photographer, of Jacksonville. A careful estimate of the loss reaches nearly a million dollars and it is only half covered by insurance.

THE JEWISH QUARTER OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK may not be as cosmopolitan as San Francisco but it has a fair assortment of all nationalities. The Jewish quarter of the city deserves the inspection of the visitor who wants to see the city and all its side lights. Our artist gives a very excellent glimpse of this quarter in the picture on page 89.

INSURANCE and FINANCIAL.

Massachusetts Benefit Association.

EXCHANGE BUILDING, 53 STATE ST., BOSTON, MASS. The largest natural premium association in New England. Over 28,000 members; \$30,000,000 insurance in force; \$725,000 emergency fund; \$170,000 amount deposited with the State Treasurer; \$4,750,000 paid in death losses. Policies, \$1,000 to \$30,000 containing most liberal features for insured—including half of amount for permanent and total disability. GEORGE A. LITCHFIELD, President. New York office, GEORGE E. CURTIS, Manager, Potter Building.

Black Silk Warp Henrietta Cloth.

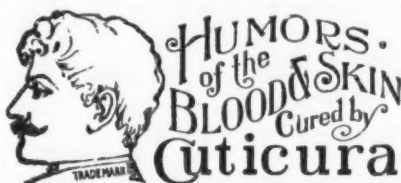
We are enabled this week to present another most favorable opportunity to purchase this favorite weave of Black Goods.

We have just received another invoice of about 100 pieces from the looms of a world-renowned maker, regular in every respect as to weight, quality, and finish, subject only to slight manufacturer's imperfection:

\$1.25 per yard; regularly marked \$1.75
\$1.35 " " " " 1.85
\$1.50 " " " " 2.00
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These goods may be ordered by mail or by express, with assurance of satisfaction.

James McCreery & Co.,
Broadway and 11th Street,
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HUMORS OF THE BLOOD, SKIN, AND SCALP. Cuticura. Humors of the blood, skin, and scalp, whether itching, burning, bleeding, scaly, crusted, pimply, blotchy, or copper-colored, with loss of hair, either simple, scrofulous, hereditary, or contagious, are speedily, permanently, economically, and infallibly cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, consisting of CUTICURA, the great Skin Cure, CUTICURA SOAP, an exquisite Skin Purifier and Beautifier, and CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new Blood and Skin Purifier and greatest of Humors Remedies, when the best physicians and all other remedies fail. CUTICURA REMEDIES are the only infallible blood and skin purifiers, and daily effect more great cures of blood and skin diseases than all other remedies combined. Sold everywhere. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; SOAP, 25c.; RESOLVENT, \$1. Prepared by Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston, Mass. Send for "How to Cure Skin and Blood Diseases." Pimples, blackheads, chapped and oily skin prevented by CUTICURA SOAP. Backache, kidney pains, weakness, and rheumatism relieved in one minute by the celebrated CUTICURA ANTI-PAIN PLASTER. 25c.



Constantine's Persian Healing
PURITY of person COMMANDS OUR RESPECT, and for this reason we seek to avoid PEOPLE OF BAD TASTE, because they are usually uncleanly. But what can be more lovely than a young girl, just budding into womanhood, whose every charm has been heightened by the use of

Constantine's Persian Healing

Persian Healing

Pine Tar Soap?

This indispensable article for Toilet use Frees the Head from Dandruff; prevents the hair from falling off or turning prematurely gray; removes blotches and pimples from the skin; makes the teeth shine like pearls, and gives to the breath a sweetness which is as fascinating as the odor of

SUMMER ROSES.

Remember this wonderful beautifier is the ORIGINAL PINE TAR SOAP.

FOR SALE BY DRUGGISTS.

To prevent waists parting at the seams use

GILBERT'S Dress Linings.

Ladies appreciate this. Name on selvage.

AGENTS WANTED Largest BICYCLE Establishment in the World. 50 STYLES, WITH SOLID, CUSHION OR PNEUMATIC TIRES. Highest Finish, Best Materials and Workmanship. Prices unparalleled. Diamond Frame for Gents. Drop Frame for Ladies or Gents. Catalogue free. For Agents Terms, &c., send 10 cts. in stamps. LUBBOCK MFG. CO. 321, 323 & 325 N. 9th St. Phila. Pa.

THE CAMEL FOUNTAIN PENS BALL-POINTED



The Camel (Ship of the Desert) is adapted by nature for storing water sufficient for a long journey. The "Camel" pen has been constructed to hold a supply of ink sufficient for writing a whole letter with one dip.

In \$1 boxes of 72 pens. Assorted box of "Fountain" pens (4 sorts) 35 cents.

The "Camel" Pocket Penholder in vulcanite, price 25 cents. Invaluable to business men. To be had of all Stationers in the United States and Canada.

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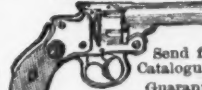
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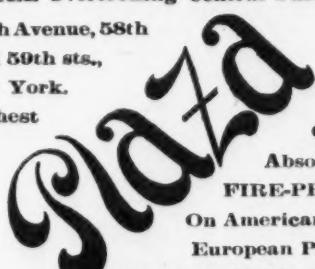
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